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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXIX No. 2469 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 31 1947

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I wood if I could . . .

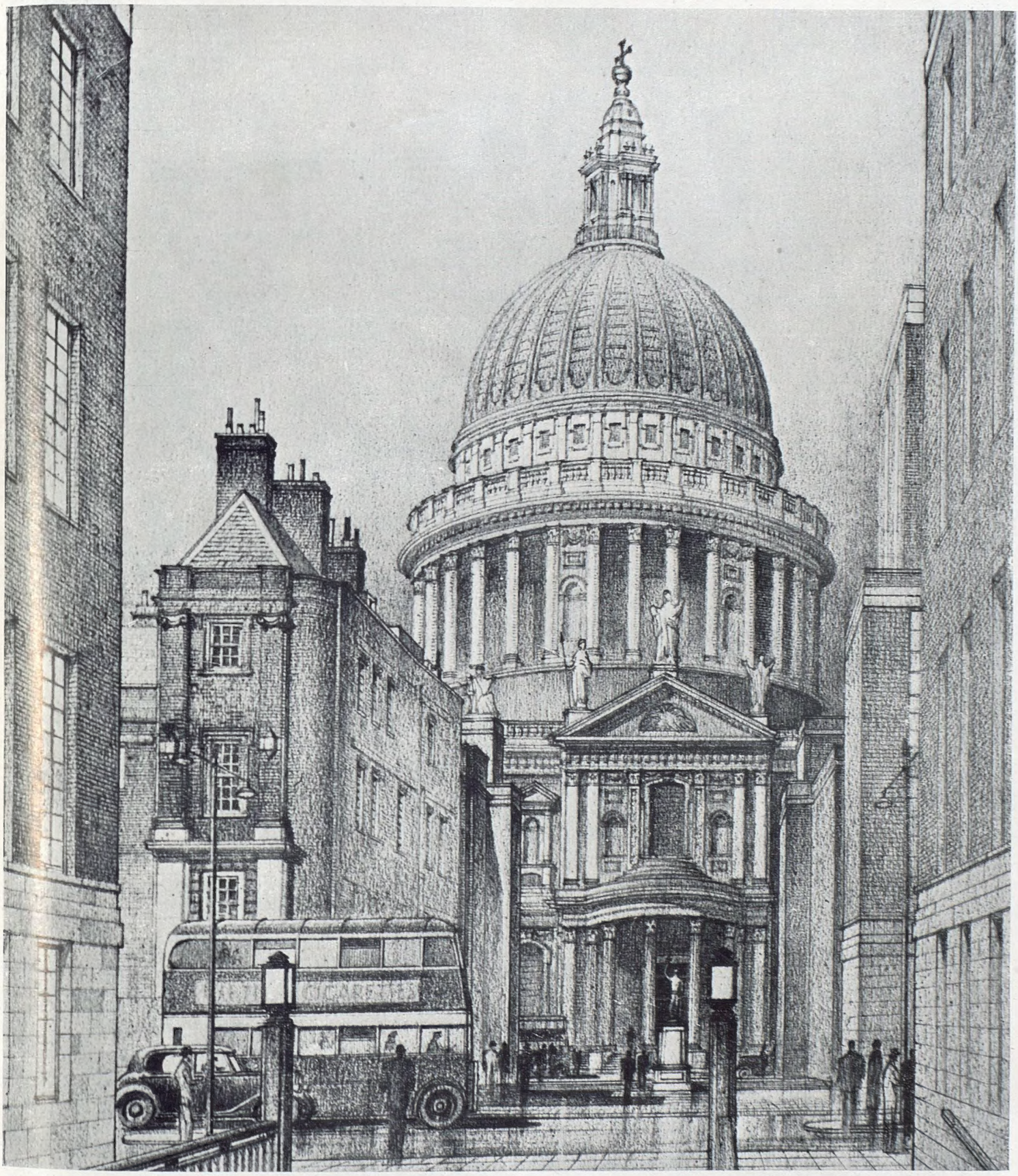
I wish that I could bowl a wood
To any length required,
And keep it up till sun goes down,
Without my getting tired.

But for a length, you need the strength
To put behind your wood,
Could Guinness do that trick for me?
My woodness . . . yes it good!

G.E.1310

Volume CLXXXIX No. 2469 The SPHERE, London, May 31, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



RE-PLANNING THE CITY OF LONDON—ST. PAUL'S FROM THE SOUTH, SHOWING HOW THE VIEW, OPENED UP BY BOMBING, WILL BE PRESERVED AFTER RE-BUILDING IN THIS AREA: This is one of the proposals of Dr. Holden and Professor Holford, the planning consultants for the reconstruction of the City of London

After the Great Fire of London citizens neglected the golden opportunity of reconstructing the City on broad and spacious lines. What Wren proposed was turned down on the score of expense. Now comes a second opportunity, and it seems that if the proposals of the joint town-planning consultants, Dr. Charles Holden and Professor Holford, are accepted by the planning authorities, we can expect a fairer city in large measure free of the narrow alleys and the unsightly premises which once pressed round our historic buildings, notably St. Paul's. The plan for St. Paul's is particularly bold and imaginative, and the architects have treated the area as far as possible as a precinct, free from through traffic and other intrusive elements. The preservation of the best views of the cathedral opened up by bombing has been carefully studied, and there will be a ceremonial approach by way of Ludgate Hill. This view from the south looks across the blitzed area of Queen Victoria Street, and on the left are the familiar outlines of the College of Arms, one of the few buildings in this area left standing by the Luftwaffe. The proposals, which have aroused the widest interest, were brought forward while the Bankside controversy was still raging (see also pages 262-63)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Select Committee Recommendations.—I should like to examine accurate statistics over the past thirty years showing the percentages of effect given to the findings of Royal, Special and other Select Committees set up to examine and make recommendations on current problems. How many such reports have been

(a) rejected *in toto ;*
(b) partially accepted and implemented ;
(c) left in cold storage ?

The selection of the select is usually admirable. Their work and reports are models. But what a waste of energy, time and money their labours would reveal ! Expensive umbrellas, hardly ever opened. The Select Committee on Estimates has long been engaged in examining all estimates presented to the House and suggesting economies. In the last years, what percentage of effect has been given to its suggestions ? Ten per cent. ? Its latest examination has been of requisitioned residential property — with special emphasis on flats and economic dwellings. In the duty of de-requisitioning these, the Services have done well. They have given up 31,000 out of 32,000 in a year. But the Civil Service not only holds on but is grabbing what the Services release. Bureaucracy's vast wartime holding of homes for the people has only fallen by 50 per cent. since the war ended. And Civil Service demands in London continually increase. The Ministry of Health still holds near 100,000 small houses and flats, though with rather more excuse. Requisitioned buildings still cost the taxpayer £20,000,000 a year. The Committee recommends that the whole lot should be instantly de-requisitioned and restored to the homeless public, and that the C.S. staffs should be cut to the cloth of *legitimately* available accommodation. What will be the fate of *this* popular recommendation, I wonder ? As for National Trust property, agricultural land and open spaces, the situation to-day is no less scandalous. Promises are disregarded, clearance of explosives is ever slower, and new demands from the Army increase. The War Office alone is claiming another 500,000 acres in addition to its vast holdings of public and other priority spaces. There is, says the Committee, ample space for economy. This is remarkable restraint and understatement.

Railway Charges.—The fares are to go up again and the facilities are cut again. The problem is too complicated for an outsider. Only one comment seems justified. It was early days to fix the terms of " compensation " for the Railways' " secured " creditors and for the holders of equities—the proprietors. The rise in fares and freights, the tragedy of coal production, the evils caused by the winter of '47, all these factors must have made nonsense of any early mathematical calculation of " fair " values as at the final date of transfer to public ownership. And here is a remarkable example of prices soaring into absurdity. In pre-war days you drove your car into a truck attached to the train by which you travelled, about four hours before the hour of departure. You drove it off at Perth or Inverness or wherever it was. In those days there was petrol enough to enable you to make the journey by road. To-day that is impossible. Yet you need a car still for a cheap and varied holiday in the wide spaces. Most of us cannot afford to part with our car for six weeks before and after our holiday, which is a condition of goods-train transport. Do you know what is the '47 charge for transporting by passenger train to and from Nairn one small car at company's risk ? It is £62—no less ! And the car must be handed in two days in advance. In short, it is a not very polite way of telling the would-be tourist to the Highlands to go to hell instead. A family of four to-day, planning a Highland holiday, if they could save enough petrol, could travel to their destination by road in two days at a cost of less than £10. To do so by rail would cost them not less than £100. But they cannot get the petrol (though there is petrol to burn and burning) ; and they cannot afford the railway charges, unless they are Black Market emperors, for the privilege of standing up in the corridors all night. *Vive le tourisme !* Scotland for your holidays !

Inland Revenue Muddle.—Most of our present discontents, miseries and inflictions are due to circumstances beyond present control and their solutions are highly complicated. The scandal of delay, muddle and overwork in income tax and other Revenue offices throughout the country is the latest to be ventilated. These evils fall equally on those who pay and those who demand payment. It is one of a very few problems of the hour which seems to have an obvious solution. The whole system of collecting taxes is complicated beyond public understanding and endurance. The bitter complaint of the taxpayer to-day is no longer the weight of taxation but the complication of forms by which it is collected. The first is grievous, the second is intolerable. For example, as the owner of a house and cottage and woodland, which I bought in 1933 for about £5,000, I pay under Schedules A and B annually about £62. When I have at last paid the sums demanded under these headings, I receive no fewer than six separate receipts. There are four more schedules, not much less complicated, under which various claims by the Exchequer on one's income and property are made. And that applies to people who do not " soar " to super-tax. This complication has been suffered to endure by a dozen Chancellors and a dozen Governments. No one in authority has ever tried to abate the scandal of a system of taxation far too complicated for an educated citizen to comprehend clearly. The modern " publican " is (through the apathy of Governments) condemned to " greater damnation," for exacting burdens too heavy to be borne, than his New Testament opposite number. Can anything be worse, or more disastrous to the ideal of democracy or citizenship, than to enforce civic responsibilities by methods too complicated to be understood by the payer or punctually administered by the servants of the Exchequer ?

Tinker's Cuss.—Mr. Attlee is certainly the trusty servant of his team. It is a form of loyalty, no doubt, and to that extent commendable. But though the washing of other people's dirty linen is a necessary and even noble profession, in a Prime Minister it may be humiliating, if such apologies for absent offenders entail tortuous and not very impressive explanations. I don't think that either Premier or Fuel Minister came well out of the Tinker's Cuss episode. Hard words and angry, heady insults are common enough in and out of Parliament, to-day as of old. Mr. Shinwell, one presumes, has a hasty temper, a fierce, partisan and fighting temperament, and lacks, perhaps, the greatness of mind which can gracefully apologise. It is not in the hasty use of " the words complained of," however, that he merits particular blame. Words as hard, if hard they were, are daily spilled on both sides. What is deplorable to-day in public life is the perpetual class-war which many leading members of the Government preach in Socialist propaganda in the same breath with which they plead for co-operation and the closing of ranks. For this there is no excuse.

Film of Royal Tour.—I do not see the inside of a cinema twice in a year. I made an exception for the film of the Royal Tour. It is a good film. Like the majority of films, it " only counts the sunny hours." Filmland is " the land where it is always afternoon." Where were we during those sunlit hours ? We were in our igloos, shivering. Those igloos are in dreamland now, and dreams are deceptive. This film of the South African tour is a sunlit dream, but deceptive, too. It all looks so easy, so smooth, so simple—just to smile and look and be happy and at ease and natural. It is true that no technique and practice can enable a man or woman to appear at ease if he or she is not his or her natural self, to look interested if not sympathetic and interested at heart, to radiate happiness and kindliness if not at heart kindly. These prerequisites the film proves. But it goes too quick ; it switches all too soon. It gives no hint at all of the thousands of miles of distance travelled under gruelling conditions, or of all that preceded those scores of moments when the central figures must be up to the scratch, on the top of their form, newly emerged, fresh and smiling, from tissue paper and bandbox repose, as though for one single appearance. Yes, the film was deceptive in its happy insistence on perpetual sunshine. And I could have enjoyed much more than those winks and flickers afforded of the National Park and the Victoria Falls. But it is a film of four persons, not a " travelogue," and it is a delightful picture.

What is Truth ?—Tommy Handley borrowed from the hen-run by a stroke of genius that shrill " *Oh, no, it isn't ; oh, yes, it is,*" which echoes in my ears every morning when I feed my disgusting feathered flock of ca' cannies, and echoes in my heart when I turn to the morning newspapers. Whether it be the cleaning and ruining of a Velasquez or the spoliation of the view of St. Paul's, the cackles pro and con continue vociferously, and each side is utterly and absolutely certain it is right. I sympathise with Pilate. His famous aphorism about Truth is for once no half-truth. The well is always churned up, the bottom never clear. What *is* the truth about Philip IV and the Bankside Power Station ? What, in short, *is* Truth ? Until I receive an official and definitive reply, I have no sort of moral right to pursue my particular line of business. But what have morals to do with political and economic considerations ? And, anyway, there is no answer to Pilate's question.

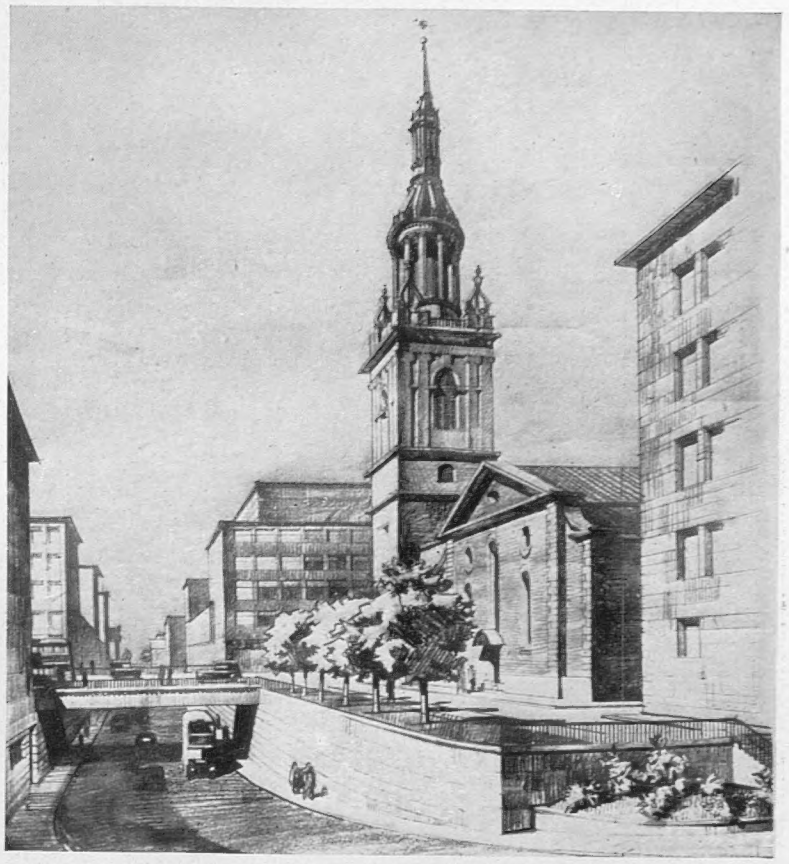
THE OLD STAGER

THE BATTLE OF THE "CRESSY"—WAGING A WAR IN DEFENCE OF THE FREEDOM OF BRITAIN'S CANALS : This low, temporary bridge over the Stratford Canal at King's Norton, Birmingham, constructed in 1945 when the original bridge had collapsed, was jacked up last week by the staff of the G.W.R., owners of the canal, to permit passage of the barge *Cressy*, captained by Mr. L. T. Rolt, Secretary of the Inland Waterways Association. After giving the owners twenty-four hours' notice of his intentions, Mr. Rolt undertook a 12-miles cruise up the canal to test its navigability, which he claims the owners have a statutory obligation to maintain. In reply to a House of Commons question, Mr. G. R. Strauss, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport, said that the canal was not in first-class condition, but denied that the traffic had been forced off it. Mr. Rolt's voyage last week was to test Mr. Strauss's assertion that the temporary bridge could be jacked up at twenty-four hours' notice

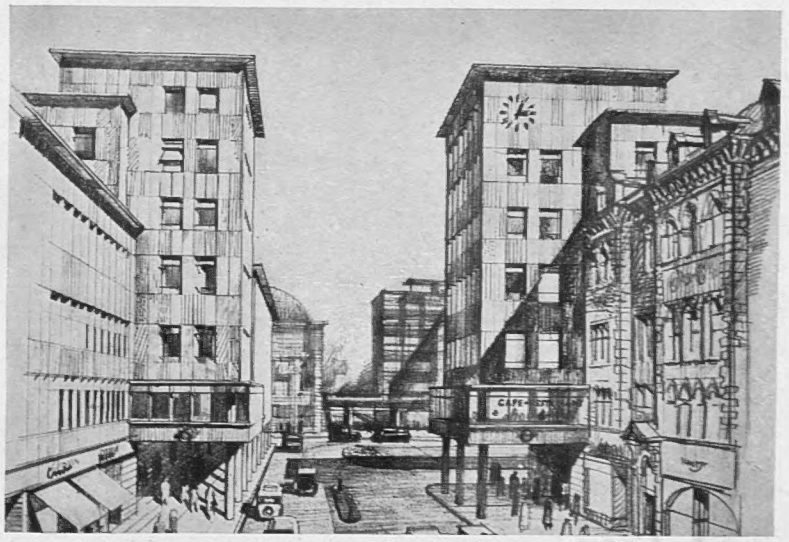
ST. [illegible]UL'S VIEWED FROM FLEET STREET : An artist's impression of the ceremonial [illegible]pproach from the new Ludgate Square and up Ludgate Hill to the Cathedral [illegible]eps as envisaged in the plans for the reconstruction of the City of London [illegible]t before the Corporation by Dr. Charles Holden and Professor W. G. Holford. [illegible]. Paul's, under this scheme, would [illegible] treated as a precinct, and two [illegible]her pictures on this page show [illegible]w the view opened up by bomb- [illegible]g will be allowed in large [illegible]easure to remain. Through traf- [illegible] will no longer speed up Ludgate [illegible]ll, being diverted left and right [illegible]ong new arteries, one of which [illegible]ll be Carter Lane, which would [illegible]nerge from the south-east corner [illegible] an enlarged Ludgate Circus

THE NEW CITY OF LONDON

Plans for St. Paul's, Cheapside and Broad Street are Put Before the Corporation



A SUGGESTION FOR RELIEVING TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN THE CITY : A low-level street linking up Gresham Street and Cannon Street and passing under Cheapside. This scheme, apart from its utilitarian advantages, would also have the effect of allowing St. Mary-le-Bow Church to retain a measure of the isolation given to it as a result of the blitz



BROAD STREET WILL BE MORE SPACIOUS : How the architects plan to modernise the narrow thoroughfare, providing wide pavements over which some of the buildings will jut out with pillar supports. Broad Street Station and Liverpool Street Station can be seen in the distance

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AS SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE SEEN IT : Two views showing how Dr. Holden and Professor Holford propose to make use of the areas opened up by bombing. The drawing *on the left* is made from the south-east, a point at which buildings once pressed closely round the Cathedral, and that *on the right* is made from Foster Lane. It will be seen how the architects have attempted to create a precinct very much along the lines which Wren envisaged. The right-hand picture is possibly a slightly exaggerated version of what could be achieved

YOUTH DISPORTS ON THE VILLAGE GREEN—DANCING ROUND THE MAYPOLE IN THE OLD VILLAGE OF ELSTOW, BEDFORDSHIRE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BUNYAN: The annual May festival is always a big event in Elstow. Beneath the Maypole is the flower-decked throne for the Queen of the May

MAYPOLE DANCING IN BUNYAN'S VILLAGE

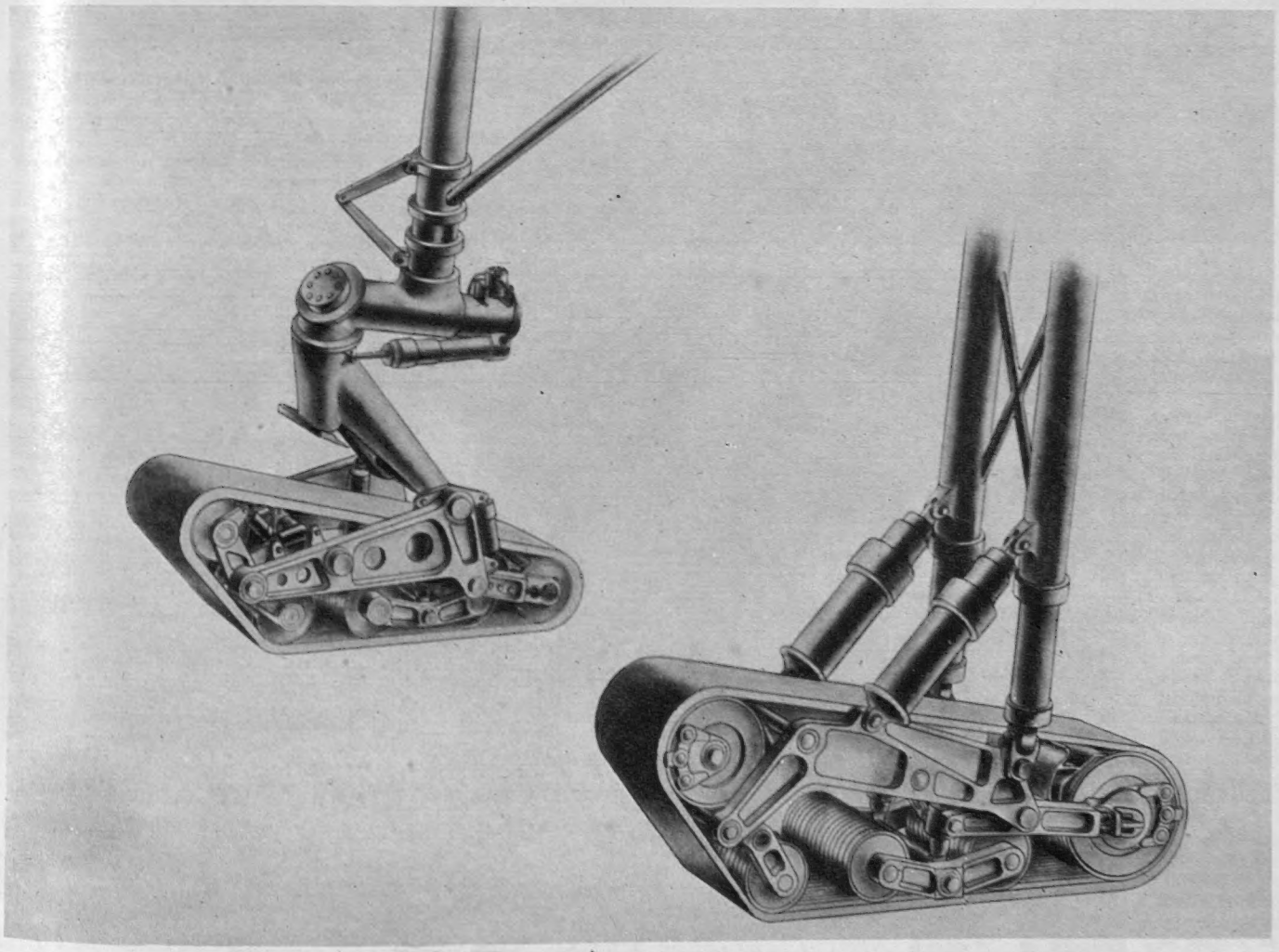
Elstow, with its Moot House, where the much-persecuted Bunyan preached so many of his inspired sermons, and its fine Abbey Church, which is seen in the background of this picture, is one of the most charming of English villages, and its people delight in the retention of the old customs. This year the May Queen was Rita Judd, and she was duly crowned on her flower-decked throne beneath the Maypole. After the ceremony on May 22, attended by her Court, she released a flock of pigeons, her messengers of Love, Joy and Peace. The day started with the usual procession through the village, with the Maypole carried by a party of boys and girls

UNITED UNDER THE BANNER OF LEARNING—LABOUR'S CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND THE ORGANISER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY AT MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY: Mr. Dalton (centre), who had just received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and Lord Woolton, the Chancellor of the University (second from right), pose with other recipients of degrees after the ceremony. Seated on the left are Sir William Clare Lees, LL.D., and Professor Johannes Pederson, D.D. On the right is Sir John Stopford, the Vice-Chancellor of the University. Sir Walter Haworth, LL.D., and Professor Adrian, D.Sc., are standing behind

FOUNDER'S DAY AT MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY

Mr. Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, appeared last week in a new role when he received from Lord Woolton at Manchester University the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In a speech acknowledging the degree he outlined Government plans for the expansion of the Universities and repeated his Budget reference to a total vote of £12,000,000 for the Universities this year. Mr. Dalton also paid a glowing tribute to the wartime leadership of Mr. Churchill, describing how his actions and his inspired words put new life into the Coalition Cabinet in the dark days of spring and summer 1940. Sir William Clare Lees, who was among the other recipients of honorary degrees, is Treasurer of Manchester University and a well-known figure in shipping and in the Lancashire textile industry

A FAIRCHILD PACKET EQUIPPED WITH THE NEW TRACK-TYPE LANDING-GEAR : America's latest transport plane, officially known as the C-82, a paratroop carrier which the U.S. Army has officially adopted as successor to the Douglas Dakota and the Curtiss Commando, taking off from a runway after taxi-ing on its three caterpillar tracks. In normal flight this landing-gear retracts in the same way as landing-wheels, but it is believed that the caterpillars will not only be able to stand up to hard wear but will enable landings to be made on soft dirt, mud or any unprepared ground

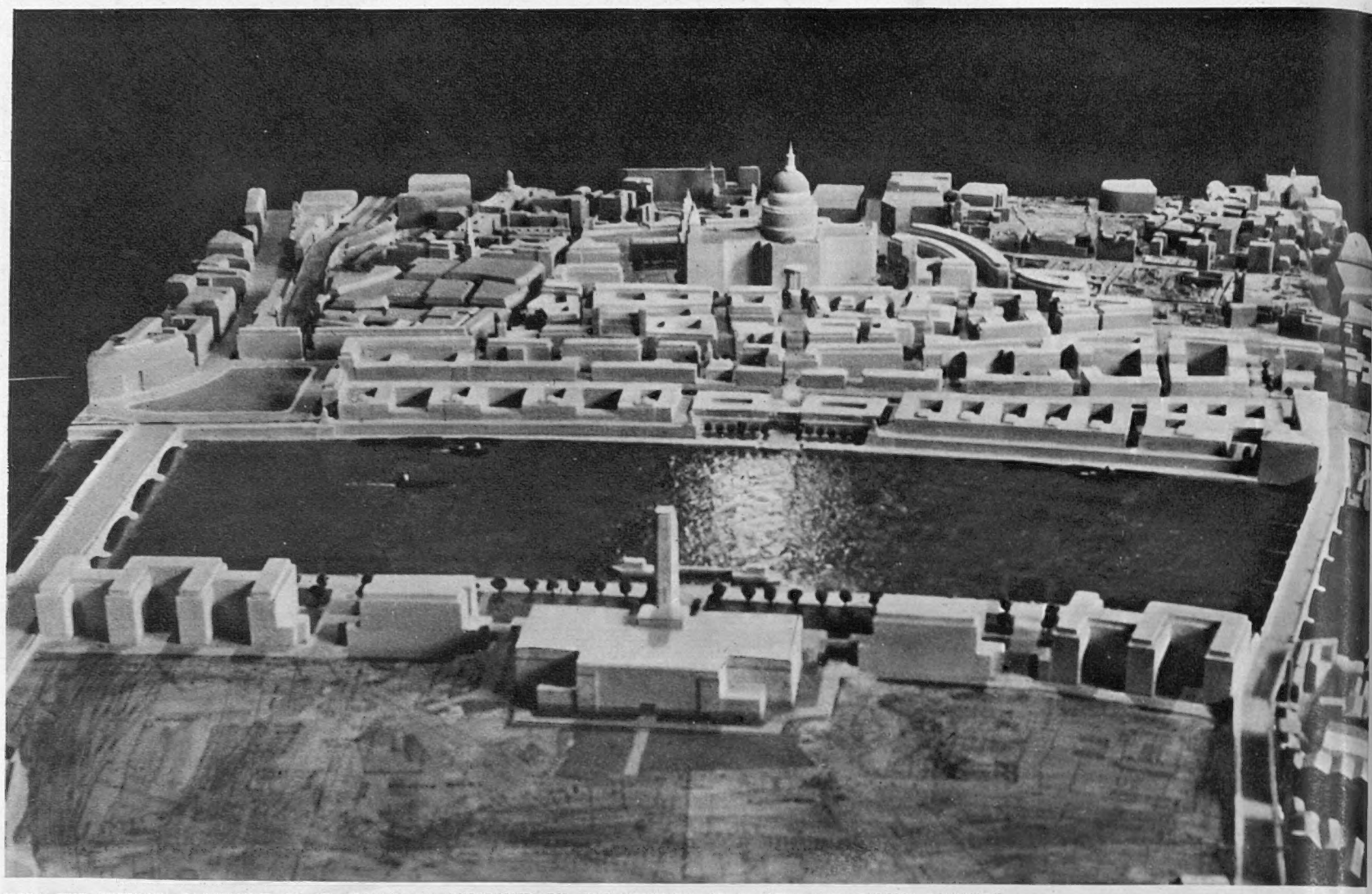


FAIRCHILD'S EXPERIMENTAL LANDING-GEAR : A detailed view of the equipment which absorbs the shock of landing on the rotating cylinders within the caterpillar. The wide belt of the caterpillar track decreases ground-bearing pressures from 60 to 20 lbs. per square inch. On the left is the nose-gear and on the right one of the side-gears in the tricycle arrangement. Experiments with the new equipment are now being conducted at Hagerstown, Maryland

TRACK TYPE LANDING GEAR FOR PLANES

An Important Experiment in the United States

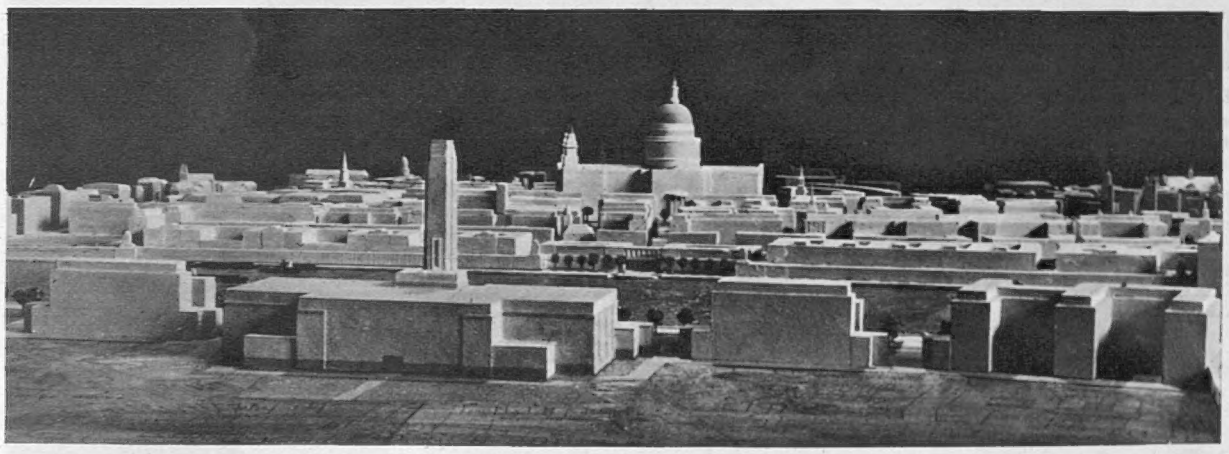
When a heavy transport plane makes contact with a concrete runway the stresses and strains devolving upon undercarriage and rubber tyres are momentarily enormous. To combat these characteristics, and at the same time to produce a military transport capable of taking off or landing on unprepared ground, Fairchild's have been trying out track-type landing-gear on their C-82 packet. This machine, which can carry a 25-pdr. gun and its towing vehicle, and in its civilian form has a payload of 9 tons, would naturally be of infinitely greater value to the American forces if made independent of aerodrome runways, and news of the Hagerstown tests is awaited with interest. The Fairchild has two 2,100-h.p. 18-cylinder radial engines providing a maximum level speed of 225 m.p.h. Its cargo compartment is almost as large as a rail freight van and similar in proportions



WILL THE HISTORIC DOMINANCE OF ST. PAUL'S BE DESTROYED BY THE ERECTION OF A NEW AND BIGGER BANKSIDE POWER STATION? In order to answer this question, which has aroused such a controversy between the planning and the ecclesiastical authorities, this model of the area has been built, and it has been placed at the disposal of Members of Parliament

THE BANKSIDE BATTLE CONTINUES

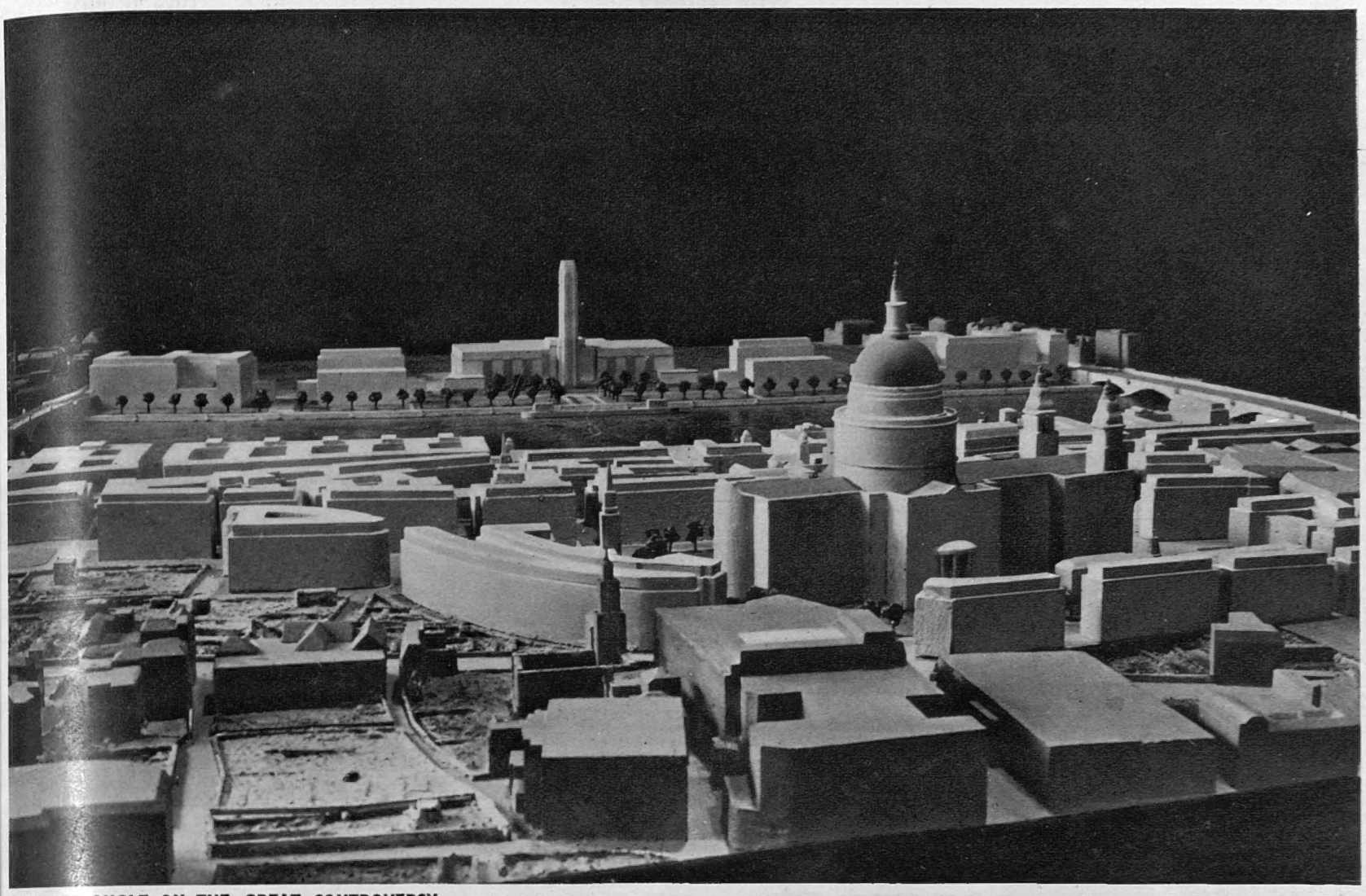
The Controversy Over the New Power Station to be Opposite St. Paul's



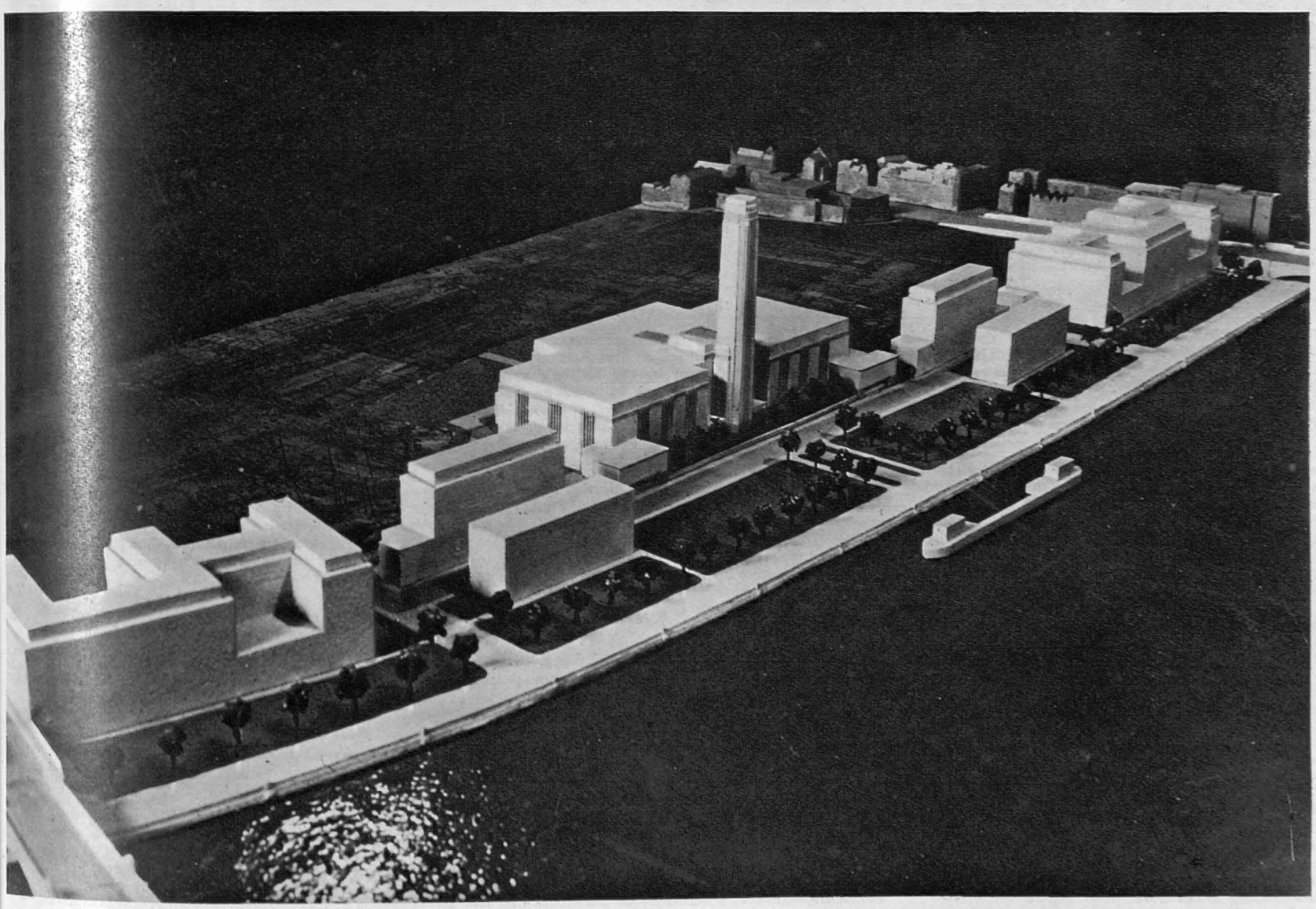
Below—**SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT GIVES HIS POINT OF VIEW:** The distinguished architect of the new Bankside explaining his plan with the aid of the scale model. Sir Giles, in defending his plan, declares: "Bankside will be unlike any other power station. It will emit no smoke or grit. It will have no coal dumps. Its height will be lower than the adjoining office blocks. It therefore cannot compete with or obstruct the view of St. Paul's"

MODERNITY AND ANTIQUITY FACE EACH OTHER ACROSS THE THAMES: Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's plan for Bankside Power Station and Wren's masterpiece as seen in the model prepared for the inspection of Members of Parliament

London has had its architectural controversies in the past, but not even the storm over Waterloo Bridge could compete with the arguments now raging over the new Bankside Power Station. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott has vigorously defended his plan, affirming that the Bankside tower will not compete with the dominance of St. Paul's. Mr. Attlee has supported the project, and in so doing has supported his Minister of Town and Country Planning, Mr. Silkin, the so-called villain of the piece. On the other side, however, a great mass of critical evidence has been brought together in support of the Dean of St. Paul's, who declares that to spoil this immemorial aspect of London would be an irreparable mistake for which future generations would rightly blame those responsible. Lord Latham, leader of the L.C.C., does not like the plan because it interferes with the L.C.C.'s scheme for the development of the South Bank of the river, while Members of the House of Lords, stealing a march on the Commons, have debated the issue with staggering vigour. Lord Llewellin's attack and the Lord Chancellor's defence of the new Bankside provided last week an example of robust cut-and-thrust such as the Lords have not heard for many a day, while Viscount Samuel's battling speech on "Silkin's Folly" brought the House of Lords to its feet



ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE GREAT CONTROVERSY—LOOKING SOUTH ACROSS THE BOMBED AREA ROUND ST. PAUL'S AND OVER THE RIVER TO THE NEW BANKSIDE: This aspect of the scale model would seem to indicate that the critics of Mr. Silkin and his plan are right in thinking that the rebuilt power station would challenge the dominance of St. Paul's. Lord Llewellin declared in the House of Lords last week that he looked upon the scheme as the first of a series of decisions which, between them, would mean that we had lost the great opportunity of building a better and more beautiful London out of the ruin and devastation it had suffered during the war. It is a significant fact that two such authorities as Mr. Patrick Abercrombie and Sir Giles Scott should be at variance on this matter, which has now clearly risen above party, as witness the fact that Lord Latham and his former colleague, Mr. Silkin, Minister of Town and Country Planning, are also opposed in their views on Bankside



IN ITSELF A NOBLE PLAN—A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE SCALE MODEL OF THE NEW BANKSIDE ENVISAGED BY SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT: The new power station will have gardens in front facing the river, and the fuel tanks at the back will be below ground and turfed over to form gardens. "The building can be well worked in with the re-development plans for the South Bank," declares Sir Giles, "and, in fact, all the objectionable features of a generating station have been eradicated"

b 2

ONE LEICA = 7,000 CIGARETTES = 70,000 MARKS

An Investigation of Some of Europe's Countless Post-war Rackets

By FERDINAND TUOHY

A SIGNIFICANT change has come over the Continental black market—I mean the big, lucrative, controlling operations, not the petty dealings and resource to it, such as fall to the lot of almost everyone. Whereas its more remunerative "lines" have been largely in the hands of independents ever since the dams burst in wake of VE-Day and the prospect of a resumption of normal activities in goods, services and exchange vanished over the horizon, the field is now increasingly passing to international gangs organised in the Capone manner.

The advent of what are nothing less than black-market syndicates directly reflects the lawless, anarchic, cynical and disillusioned state into which so much of Europe has been allowed to slide. Looking about them, these newcomers mean to stay in the big money. They think it 's assured for quite a while yet. So they are acquiring accomplished staffs who can spy out the land, break down resistance in police, Excise and political circles, and, into the bargain, execute daring coups.

One of the plums is membership of a brand of Intelligence service which tracks down "unaccounted for" hoards and treasure—and, right on top, neither Hitler's nor Mussolini's real wealth has yet been traced. A clear case of the new service in action comes from Vienna, where the masterpiece "Maria Poetsche" was at once marked down and stolen from Am Hof Church after having been taken from a cellar where it had passed the war. It used to hang above the high altar in St. Stephen's Cathedral.

The new syndicates pay their staffs exorbitantly, compared with ruling salaries. This apart, there is no difficulty in recruiting efficient men and women in view of the advantages offered in the way of rake-offs and contacts, food and cigarettes. Respectable camouflage is favoured by the "big shots," who open fictitious offices (one of their kind ran a non-existent coal-mine) and move about freely in sleeping-cars on forged papers.

The big gangs are plentifully supplied with dollars, Swiss francs and gold with which to make large turnovers and transactions. Funds are transferred legally and with ease chiefly to Switzerland and the United States, where they are banked or invested or held in safe keeping. Exchange controls are child's play to the "big shot's" financial adviser.

In some cases the new organised gangs continue to battle for supremacy, as "Bugs" Moran and Al Capone were foolish enough to do in their early days. Grim gang-warfare is signalled particularly in Italy, Poland and the Balkans, where assassination, hi-jacking (forcible seizure of illicit cargoes) and kidnapping are not uncommon. But this sort of thing is being steadily discouraged. "The Gentlemen" of the mid-twentieth century realise that, up to a point, they must pull together on account of the considerable stretches of territory that have to be controlled and the number of frontiers that have to be "fixed."

The centres most favoured by the "big shots" appear to be Trieste, Warsaw, Hamburg, Brussels, Frankfort, Paris (Montmartre), Rome, Marseilles, Berlin, Budapest—and London, too! Not to mention the strangest hide-out of the lot—in the Kasbah at Algiers, whence scores of deserters control the city's urgent dope-craving. The films have told us how gendarmes don't like meddling in the Kasbah.

But to return to Europe. The syndicates have been formed for the central purpose of running independents out of business. The objective is to concentrate traffic in the rackets that pay most, with a view to keeping profits as far as possible in the hands of organised gangs which will not fight each other across frontiers but, on the contrary, co-operate for greater mutual benefit. A general principle is being evolved that the syndicates must be honest among themselves.

But woe betide the independent who doesn't see the red light when it has been sufficiently flashed at him! If he refuses to quit or shows defiance, gangs set on making a corner in such-and-such a local racket think nothing of shooting to kill on a continent of many hotter spots than ever was Chicago. Arms there are in abundance—nothing in that line need delay liquidation.

Indeed, the robbing of war dumps is high up in the main stock-in-trade that interests the syndicates. Currency, jewels and valuables, and drugs come first because they procure greater profit for less risk, being the least bulky (cigarettes in cartons often rank as currency). Furs, silverware and rare china take up more space. But no good bet is overlooked, and the organised rings also fasten their tentacles on wines and liqueurs, clothing, tyres, petrol, typewriters, cameras, leather goods, conserves, and even on grain, olive oil and livestock.

Three syndicates have lately been broken up which had amassed fortunes by running the last three out of impoverished Italy, across the Adriatic to Yugoslav ports, and it must be squarely recognised that the story attaching permeates the new-style operations under "big shots." The gangs were composed of demobilised or deserted Allied officers and O.R., British, Canadians, Slavs, Poles and French, working in conjunction with Italian go-betweens.

The "merchandise" was over and over again stowed in stolen British lorries driven by men in Allied uniform and bearing forged documents. The lorries were guarded by bogus military police riding in jeeps, of which there is no lack, thanks to the disappearance of 20,000 out of 40,000 jeeps turned over to the French by the Americans.

If ever interested in this subject, posterity will not lightly pass over the follies and worse practised by the victors, which rendered the present black-market cancer and morass possible. One of the main incentives to "big shots" has been the non-stop avalanche—there is no other term—of duty-free cigarettes that has long swept in from America. The U.S. War Department has itself acknowledged that quite £250,000,000 was made illegally before matters were partly curbed. This money emanated mostly from the sale of valuables and possessions by hungry people needing cigarette currency, and the "merchandise" found its way circuitously back on to the black market.

The traffic is still a mainstay of the latter, and it was in no way stayed, but the reverse, by the opening of "barter shops" by the American authorities. Here is the idea. Americans are allotted points for their cartons of cigarettes, still to be had *ad lib.* and for a bagatelle. Germans bring along their goods and valuables, and these are pointed too. And now believe this. In the Frankfort shop where I recently watched transactions, it was calculated that by manipulating four re-investments of an original ten dollars sunk in cigarettes, a profit of 207,000 dollars could be contrived in relation to the points valuation of German articles offered for sale! The system at once recalled the anchor cannon.

Maybe a beam will be shed if I instance the case of the much-in-demand Leica cameras. A Leica can be bartered legally for 7,000 cigarettes. As the vendor receives an American certificate saying the cigarettes are in order, he can then sell them in Berlin for 70,000 marks and obtain *three* Leica cameras. And so round the mulberry-bush. One Leica into three; one Leica into three. Can you wonder that the black-market syndicates have come to town, or that they use the barter-shop as a heaven-sent clearing-house?

Among the most successful of the original "independents" were North Americans, who had had a close-up view of Capone-ism. Now that syndicates are adopting a gang extension of the same methods, Americans are no longer lords of the racket. They have made intelligent pupils and attracted cosmopolitan old hands.

Max Intrator, accused of being a principal in the currency racket, is of undetermined origin. Joseph Joanovici, who obtained the monopoly of the American Army surplus stocks in France, is a Bessarabian. There exists a telling link between Joanovici and the leader of one of Berlin's biggest black-market rings, Karl Jahn. Both men were leading purchasers for the Wehrmacht during the Occupations, when they dealt in millions of pounds, and in diamond and bullion buying. On the premise that such lavish handling of funds may have given these two their black-market appetite and acumen, to say nothing of their contacts in official quarters, all who bought heavily for the Wehrmacht or the Nazis are being enquired into.

A pioneer of the species was the White Russian Skolnikov, who tried to buy up a good deal of Monte Carlo for Goering, and who finished "bumped off" near Madrid in 1944 for having tried to gate-crash that black market.

Another interesting discovery is that former Doriot French Fascists are among the "big shots." But the plot thickens when one hears that one European Government is seeking to bolster its creaking currency by acquiring jewels, gold, precious ornaments and even Old Masters from the British Zone! That the black-market syndicates further undermine the sorry European fabric is certain; whether some of them are sponsored by political extremists is another matter. But rumours persist.

Nazis are known to be finding their feet in the black market, with the object of laying by funds for propaganda and a future day. The drug traffic is a quick "line," and seven ringleaders have lately been arrested near Wiesbaden. There is an inevitable demand for morphine and opium in a society living as much of Germany is doing. But the story doesn't stop there. Heroin (another opium derivative) fetches £600 an ounce in New York and is easy to make from opium sent to Germany from the Bulgar poppy-fields. A deal of the drug traffic goes through U.K. ports.

The present situation may be slightly arrested by the new curtailment of cigarette supplies to Americans in Germany, but the whole business of duty-free cigarettes sent to Europe ought to be stopped. Likewise the barter shop should be firmly closed, one hand holding the nostrils. A third measure will not be to the syndicates' liking when it can be taken. I refer to a new German currency.

A fourth measure hasn't much chance in our frontier-bound world. It is that a European counterpart of the U.S. special prosecutor and rackets office be established, enabling pursuits to pass across frontiers, as happens over normally hard and fast state lines in America.

LONDON'S POLICE MAKE WAR ON THE ARMED GANGS: This was the scene outside Tottenham Court Road Police Station as one of the arrested men in the Antiquis case was about to be taken by car to the Marlborough Street Court. At the time of writing, the Antiquis case is *sub judice*, but the manner in which the police have gone to work shows that they are determined to stamp out the beginnings of terrorism now manifest in London

IN JAPAN TO-DAY

"Building Up" the "Democratic" Emperor; The Appalling Housing Situation in Tokyo

THIS IS THE NEW JAPAN OF UMBRELLAS AND WATERING-CANS: Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida (*left*) delivering an address on Constitution Day, when the creation of Japan's new constitution (by kind permission of General MacArthur) was formally celebrated with speeches and band-playing. The Emperor, who figured modestly in the proceedings, is seen (*right*) watering his petunia plants. The attempt to build him up into a democratic constitutional monarch has been markedly successful, and his popularity would appear to be as great as ever. Hirohito goes freely among the people, and it is the intention that he shall no longer be associated with divinity in the credulous public mind

TEN THOUSAND HURRAHS FOR HIROHITO: The Japanese Emperor, in light overcoat, and carrying an umbrella, acknowledges the cheers of the crowd on Constitution Day. This informal picture was taken outside the Imperial Plaza, Tokyo, where the celebrations in honour of the new constitution were preceded by the playing of the "Stars and Stripes"

THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT DECLARED THAT THESE BUILDINGS WOULD LAST THIRTY YEARS: During recent stormy weather the roof on this Tokyo block was blown off for the third time, and now the inhabitants are wondering whether the new democratic Government is wholly to be trusted. Several temporary blocks of this type have been constructed by the Tokyo authorities to meet the needs of the thousands of citizens who have no home. The timber was war surplus obtained from the now-defunct Japanese Navy, and the whole building has the appearance of being decidedly makeshift, typifying indeed the appalling housing conditions now obtaining in the Japanese capital

AN ABANDONED SAFE-DEPOSIT BUILDING PROVIDES A HOME FOR A TOKYO CITIZEN: Sixty-seven-year-old Mrs. Shizue Nozawa outside the strong-room, which she took over after her own home had been bombed. She is the only person who knows the key to the combination lock at her front door, and when she locks herself in at night she is the safest person in all Tokyo, come earthquakes, typhoons and hurricanes

IN TOKYO'S SHANTY TOWN—ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE APPALLING HOUSING CONDITIONS IN THE ONCE-PROUD CAPITAL: In the vast bombed and burnt-out areas of Tokyo the populace have built rough homes with galvanised iron sheeting and any materials they could find amid the debris. This is a typical example. The 100,000 or more residents of shacks like these keep a weather-eye open for Tokyo's gusty winds. If it blows too hard they may have to chase their roofs for a hundred yards or more

AN AIR-RAID SHELTER AS A HOME: Seven members of a Tokyo family live in this shelter and cultivate a narrow strip of ground in its vicinity. The family are waiting until they have accumulated the necessary 150,000 yen (about £2,000) before they can secure permission from the housing authorities to rebuild their home, burnt out in the closing stages of the war

THE DEMOLITION OF HISTORIC BRUNSWICK WHARF: This Thames-side wharf, near East India Dock, is now being demolished to make way for a new power station. In 1606 it saw the start of an historic venture, when three ships, with 105 adventurers on board, set sail for Virginia and founded Jamestown, the first permanent English colony in America. On the left is Brunswick House, now in course of demolition, which bore a plaque recording the historic sailing

COMMEMORATING THE PIONEERS WHO SETTLED AT JAMESTOWN: This bronze plaque, which was fixed to the wall of Brunswick House in 1928, will adorn the new power station at Brunswick Wharf

AN HISTORIC LONDON WHARF MAKES WAY FOR A POWER STATION

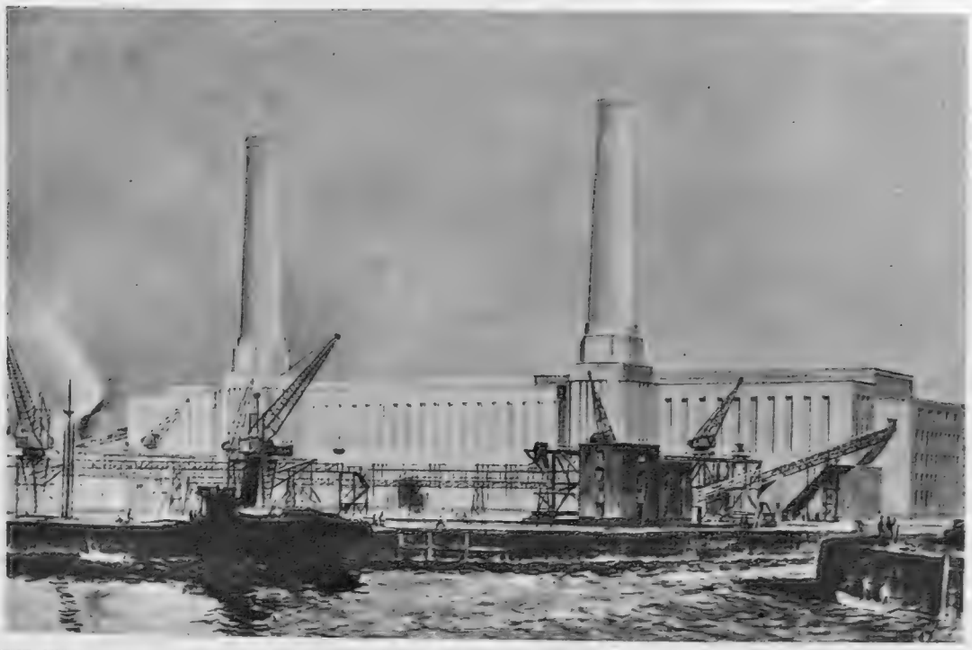
Blackwall, Where 105 Adventurers Set Out to Found England's First Permanent Settlement in America

London has vital need of new power stations, and the planning authorities must have breathed a sigh of relief that the clearing of Brunswick Wharf, Blackwall, for the new Poplar power station has not aroused a controversy like the Bankside scheme. It is good to know, however, that the historic sailing from Blackwall in 1606 of the Virginia-bound adventurers is not being forgotten in the wholesale clearance of the site, and that the plaque commemorating the departure of the *Sarah Constant* and her two satellite ships will find a place, unromantic though it may be, on the power station wall. When the 105 settlers arrived at Jamestown in 1607, their inspiration was Captain John Smith. The settlers, who had come in search of an Eldorado, had neither the intelligence nor the industry to support themselves by tillage, and they had to subsist on the supplies which they could buy, beg or steal from the natives. Smith, however, proved himself an energetic and effective leader, and in 1608 he became the titular head of the colony. With resolute discipline he introduced order, and although he was eventually deposed by internal dissension he had at least paved the way for America's first legislative assembly

THE INTREPID CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: The man of many adventures and vicissitudes who sailed from Blackwall in 1606 to found the settlement of Jamestown

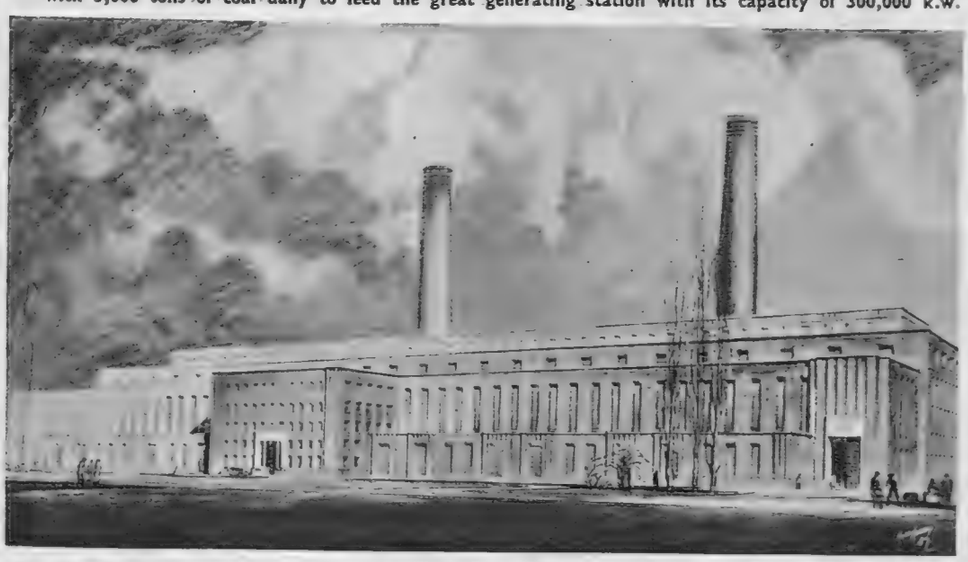
THE VACANT SPACE ON BRUNSWICK HOUSE: This was where the bronze tablet commemorating the founding of Virginia was fixed in 1928 by the Association for the Preservation of Virginian Antiquities. The plaque will adorn the new power station

STARTING-PLACE OF A MIGHTY ADVENTURE—LOOKING DOWN THE THAMES FROM BRUNSWICK WHARF, BLACKWALL, WHERE BUGSBY'S REACH SWEEPS ROUND TOWARDS GREENWICH: It was from this wharf, now being demolished to make way for a new power station, that the "Sarah Constant," of 100 tons, the "Godspeed," of 40 tons, and the "Discovery," of 20 tons, set out on December 19, 1606, reaching Cape Henry, Virginia, in April of the following year. How the 105 adventurers founded the first permanent colony in America, undergoing many vicissitudes and enduring many hardships, now belongs to history

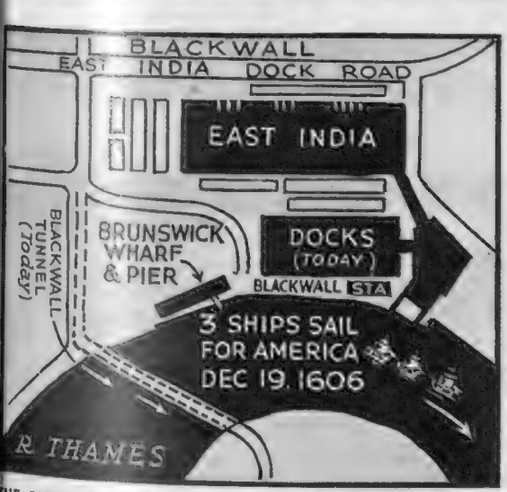


THE NEW POPLAR POWER STATION AT BRUNSWICK WHARF: An architect's drawing of the neo-Babylonian pile which will rise on the site of the historic wharf. There colliers from the Tyne will tie up with 5,000 tons of coal daily to feed the great generating station with its capacity of 300,000 k.w.

THE DOCK GATE CONTROL HOUSE AT BRUNSWICK WHARF: An old octagonal building which will be swept aside as the site is cleared for the new power station



DWARFING THAMES-SIDE: A north view of the new Poplar power station on Brunswick Wharf. The bronze plaque, illustrated on the opposite page, recording the expedition of 1606, is now being carefully preserved, and when the power station is complete it will be affixed to one of the walls



THE POSITION OF BRUNSWICK WHARF—SITE OF THE NEW £12,000,000 POPLAR POWER STATION: A diagrammatic sketch-map showing the point from which the three ships sailed in 1606 on their historic voyage to Virginia. The wharf lies near the East India Dock Road and just to the east of the Blackwall Tunnel

THE "KARA" AND THE "KIVE" TIE UP AT BRUNSWICK WHARF: This wharf was not only the scene of the departure of the celebrated expedition of 1606, but has played a prominent part in European emigration to the United States. Fifty years ago Brunswick Wharf was a transhipment point for poor folk on their way to America from German and Dutch collecting ports. Old watermen remember how the people used to come ashore with their bundles. Wagonettes used to trundle them off to their East End lodgings for the night before they renewed the long and arduous journey west

PARIS HAS A NEW KIND OF SIT-DOWN STRIKE—SOME OF THE 300 WAR VETERANS, MOSTLY CRIPPLES, WHO PROTESTED AGAINST THE INSUFFICIENCY OF THEIR PENSIONS BY HOLDING UP THE TRAFFIC: *Left and right*—**Seated on the roadway near the Place de l'Opera, they brought the heart of the city to a standstill.** The able-bodied among them rushed forward to warn the traffic, and temporarily there were scenes of chaos on the boulevards. Only a few months ago a lightning police strike created similar chaos. At the time of writing, events in France would appear to be moving towards a climax, and the Government, handicapped by lack of funds, has been beset on all sides

A FOREIGN SURVEY

News from Europe and the Middle East

THE CAUDILLO HONOURED IN VALENCIA: General Franco is wearing the massive gold medal presented to him by the city

THE BEAUTY QUEENS OF VALENCIA WEAR NATIONAL COSTUME TO GREET SPAIN'S UNCROWNED KING: This gay gathering of maidens met General Franco when he paid his ceremonial visit to the southern city. The General spent some days in Valencia, visiting shipyards and agricultural areas in Valencia Province in addition to touring the Samples Fair. The girls in this picture form part of the Court of the Queen of the Fallas, who is elected in Valencia each year at a ceremony held just before St. Joseph's Day. This year the Queen of the Fallas went specially to Madrid carrying an invitation to General Franco to visit Valencia

ACCUSED OF FORGING 86,000,000 FRANCS: André Loiseau, known as Dede la Boulange, appearing before a Paris court to face banknote forgery charges. A gang of twelve is said to have been associated with him, and they operated with impunity for many months. Their capture was due to the chance opening of a door just as the police were leaving a suspect block of flats

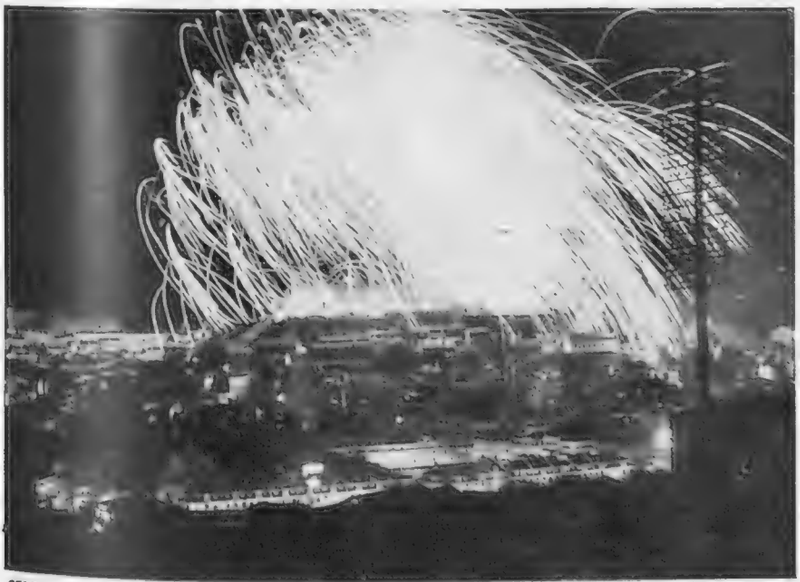
BRITISH ENGINEERS CREATE A VITAL NEW RAIL LINK IN THE MIDDLE EAST — A BRIDGE WILL SPAN THE TIGRIS AT BAGHDAD: *Left*—**The first caisson of the new bridge being sunk in the waters of the Tigris, and** (*right*) **the railway ferry which the bridge will in due course replace. The bridge will link the railway system of the west bank, carrying traffic to Mosul, Basra and Turkey, with the system of the east bank connecting with Persia and the vitally-important Kirkuk oilfields. The existing train-ferry system is extremely slow and cumbersome, each coach or freight van having to be landed individually**

THE RUSSIANS OPEN THEIR HOUSE OF CULTURE IN BERLIN: Major Dr. Golikov (second from left) addresses the audience through a German interpreter when opening this new project sponsored by the Soviet Military Government. A portrait of Generalissimo Stalin adorns the platform. The object of the House of Culture is, of course, to promote Soviet ideas, and as an inducement to visit the place, Germans are offered a library, smoking-rooms, and a comfortable lounge. There is also a theatre-cum-concert-hall where entertainment is provided by the Soviet choir and dance ensemble

IT SURVIVED THE ALLIED ATTACKS ON UNTER DEN LINDEN: Germans on their way to the Soviet House of Culture, the former Berlin Singing Academy, which escaped wartime bombing and has now been repainted and refurbished for its new and important propaganda role

TWO VETERAN ITALIANS FIGURE IN THE LATEST POLITICAL CRISIS: Signor Nitti (*left*), **lifelong opponent of Mussolini, who was attempting last week to form a Ministry to succeed the Gasperi Coalition.** *Right*—**Signor Orlando, last survivor of the "Big Four" of the First World War, who was called into consultation by the Italian President, when Signor Nitti reported failure.** After five days of intensive consultation, Signor Nitti's efforts to find a basis for the formation of a new Government ended in deadlock largely because he regards the present situation as a national emergency; his emergency measures do not find favour with those who would rather see him plan Italy's economy very much farther ahead. Both Nitti and Orlando held the Italian Premiership between 1917 and 1919

THE CRISIS IN THE BRITISH ZONE OF GERMANY: German women and children lining up for their fish ration in a market-place at Solingen, Westphalia. The fact that the children are so well-clad is due to the consistent German policy during the early years of the war of making available cloth material taken from the occupied countries



CELEBRATING THE LISBON STORY—A MIGHTY FIREWORK DISPLAY MARKS THE EIGHTH CENTENARY OF PORTUGAL'S CAPITAL CITY: The display was meant to represent a mock attack on the celebrated Casteleo Sao Jorge, and rockets can be seen cascading towards the target area. Under the Romans, Lisbon was the second city of Lusitania, and it was afterwards taken by the Alans, the Visigoths and the Moors. Its modern history is held to have begun when, aided by the Crusaders, it was taken by Alphonso Henry in 1147. In 1260 Lisbon replaced Coimbra as the capital of Portugal and, deriving trade from the subsequent discoveries of America and India, it soon became the richest city in all Europe

YOUTH AND AGE IN THE LONG RATION QUEUE: Another scene at Solingen, Westphalia, where for several days no meat, no fish, no butter, no sugar and no potatoes were available for the inhabitants. Solingen lies near Elberfeld, on the fringe of the Rhine industrial area. During the crisis the week's ration at Cologne consisted of 4 lbs. of bread, 4½ ozs. of white sour-milk cheese, 3¾ ozs. of cereal, and 3 ozs. of egg mixture. News of shipments of wheat from the United States is said to have been received with scepticism throughout the Rhineland. The miners are better fed than most of the population, but even so, absenteeism has risen lately from 13 per cent. to 15 per cent., and this is no doubt attributable to the fact that the miners require time off to go in search of food on farms in the surrounding countryside

THE 560-TON "VIGILANT," A FORMER ADMIRALTY TRAWLER OF THE ISLES CLASS, BECOMES THE LATEST REVENUE CRUISER IN THE WAR AGAINST CROSS-CHANNEL SMUGGLING: This picture was taken from the deck of the "Kingfisher" at the mouth of the Thames as the "Vigilant" approached. Later, officers from the Revenue cruiser came aboard to carry out a routine search. The "Vigilant" is fitted with radio telephony, direction-finder and sounding apparatus, and long and shortwave receiving and transmitting sets

WAR ON THE SMUGGLERS

A New Revenue Cruiser, Fitted with "Radar," Joins the Customs Service Fleet

The latest addition to the Customs Service Fleet is the Revenue cruiser *Vigilant*. A former Admiralty trawler of the Isles class, she was built to maintain speed in rough seas. The vessel is based at Gravesend, from where she will make extended cruises and sea patrols in remote areas. She is fitted with "radar" and carries skilled rummage officers. She will pay surprise visits to yachting centres and fishing-fleet areas and conduct searches of any suspicious-looking craft. This is only part of the great effort that is being made by the Waterguard Service of the Customs and Excise Department to check the smuggling, which has greatly increased since the war. The service has, also, the Waterguard Training Centre, now part of a large building near Southwark Bridge. Here the new Preventive Officers are trained. Entrants are normally between nineteen and twenty-one years of age, but preference is given to ex-Servicemen, so that the average is now nearer twenty-five years. After passing a Civil Service examination, the recruit is given the grade of Assistant Preventive Officer and starts practical work by accompanying qualified officers on inspections from the beginning of his primary training. After a probation period of twelve months, he is commissioned as an Assistant Preventive Officer and begins further progressive training.

THE PREVENTIVE OFFICER EXAMINES THE SHIP'S PAPERS: The skipper of the vessel under examination is on the left in this picture; the Preventive Officer, in the centre. This is a typical scene in the war against smuggling

H.M. CUSTOMS LAUNCH "RANGER" COMES ALONGSIDE FOR A ROUTINE CHECK-UP: Preventive officers from the "Vigilant" board a vessel at the mouth of the Thames. They have come over in the launch "Ranger," which accompanies the "Vigilant" on her shorter voyages. The radar equipment on the "Vigilant" is invaluable in foggy weather and on moonless nights

ADMIRING ONE OF THE ORNAMENTAL ROCK GARDENS—THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: After an interval of eight years the show has been revived with marked success, and throughout the week before Whitsun crowds flocked to the Royal Hospital Gardens

The Royal Family At

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

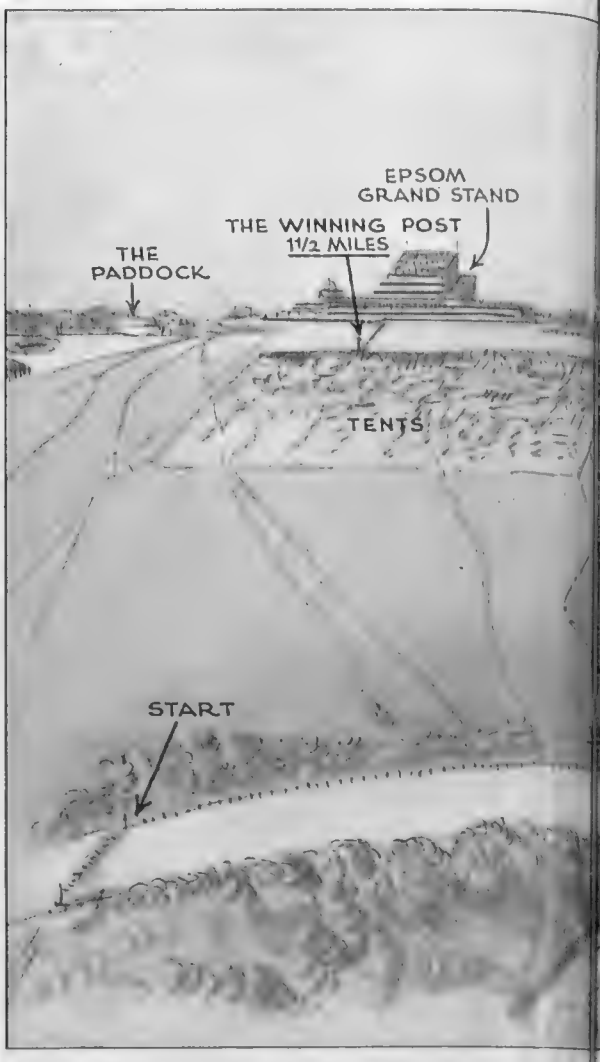
A Popular Revival After Eight Years

In the face of appalling weather in the early spring and a chronic shortage of labour, Britain's horticulturists have triumphed over their difficulties, and last week they presented a revived Chelsea Flower Show that won widespread admiration and gave an immensity of pleasure and encouragement to garden lovers. This year experimental stations played a big part in the display with their educational exhibits, both Kew and Wisley being represented. There was also a co-operative display by the Farmers' Union. The King and Queen visited the show on private view day

TWO ASPECTS OF THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: *Left*—Men engaged in putting the finishing touches to the ornamental garden specially built in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, and (*right*) a fine display of vegetables in one of the tents. This year the show gained considerably as a spectacle owing to the limitation of exhibits, and most visitors were of the opinion that the organisation and display were a notable improvement on the last show held before the war

THE KING'S BLUE TRAIN, WITH GORDON RICHARDS UP : This colt by Blue Peter, winner of the 1939 Derby, and the Oaks winner, Sun Chariot, made a brilliant Ascot debut last year, and at the time of writing is second favourite for the Derby. Whether Richards will ride Blue Train or Tudor Minstrel has been a subject of animated discussion during recent weeks

MR. J. A. DEWAR'S TUDOR MINSTREL, WITH GORDON RICHARDS UP : Tudor Minstrel, a son of the war-time Derby winner, Owen Tudor, and a grandson of Hyperion, was unbeaten as a two-year-old, and emerged this year to win the Two Thousand Guineas, pulverising the opposition in the last furlong. Tudor Minstrel has yet to prove that he can stay the course



ALL READY FOR THE FIRST SATURDAY DERBY

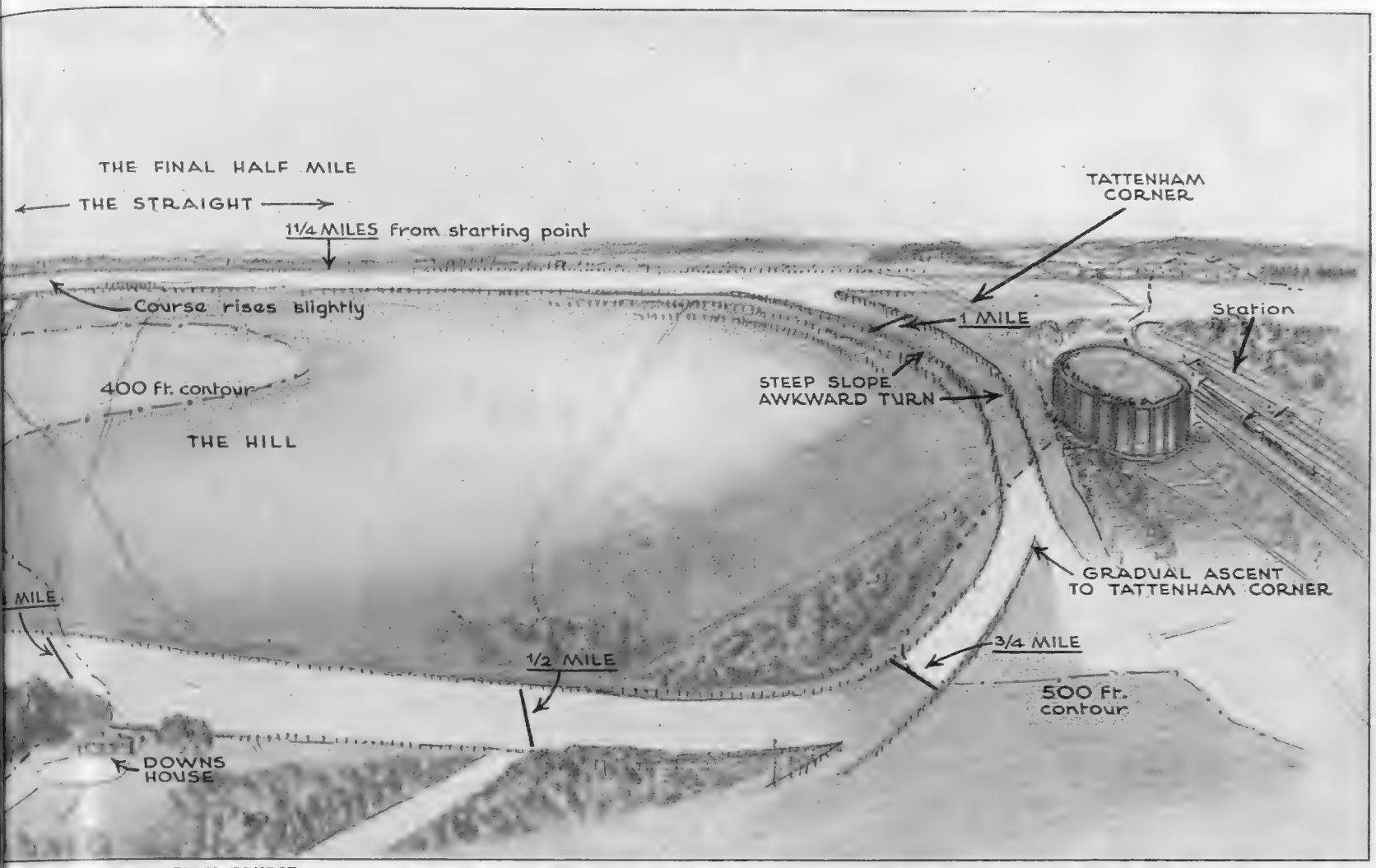
Some of the Leading Contenders for Next Week's Great Race, and Some Facts About the Celebrated Course

SAYAJIRAO HAS BEEN A SPRINGER IN THE MARKET : The Gaekwar of Baroda's fine colt by Nearco, own brother to the wartime Derby winner, Dante, ran third in the Guineas to Saravan and Tudor Minstrel. Since then he has progressed by leaps and bounds, and has come down in the betting from 25 to 1 to third favourite. Armstrong trains this improving stayer

A FRENCH CHALLENGER : M. Leon Volterra's Parisien, has not started his three-year-old career as promisingly as the English colts

ONE RACECOURSE AMBITION HE HAS YET TO ACHIEVE : Gordon Richards, seen cantering on Mrs. Buchanan's Stockade, another of the brilliant quartet of Beckhampton colts, has been the most successful jockey on the British turf since Stephen Donoghue, and (except for Sam Heapy) he has won more races than any jockey in world turf history. Richards, however, has never won a Derby, but in 1947 his chances are brighter than ever, as Darling's Beckhampton stable, for which he rides, has two of the three leading contenders in Tudor Minstrel and Blue Train, not to mention Stockade and Combat

Below—**THE OWNER OF BLUE TRAIN :** His Majesty the King walking down the course at Epsom on Derby Day, 1946, in company with the Duke of Norfolk, another keen patron of the turf. Just behind the King is Princess Elizabeth, who has shown a growing enthusiasm for racing during the past two years, and may soon join the ranks of owners



THE GRUELLING DERBY COURSE — AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE FAMOUS MILE-AND-A-HALF, SHOWING THE GRADUAL ASCENT BEFORE TATTENHAM CORNER, THE DANGEROUS BEND, AND THE FINAL HALF-MILE UP TO THE GRANDSTAND AND THE WINNING-POST: Turf history has shown that the Derby requires a horse of a special type, and there is no middle-distance race that is a surer test of stamina, breeding, training and jockeyship. The underlying surface of the course is hard rock chalk covered by a thin earth layer. If the weather is wet the chalk becomes sticky and clings to the hoof, as it has been for numerous Derbys and many a City and Suburban. If the weather is dry the chalk can become very hard indeed—*Drawing by Percy Home*

In the early spring of 1947 there were rumours that the Derby this year would be a one-horse race, that Fred Darling, with his brilliant Tudor Minstrel, unbeaten as two-year-old, had the horse of the century. When Tudor Minstrel, a grandson of the great Hyperion, emerged at Newmarket for the Two Thousand Guineas, it seemed that rumour had become a certainty, for that brilliant performer, never off the bit, went past the post away clear of all his rivals, Saravan and the staying Sayajirao. Since the Guineas, however, much has happened. Sayajirao has progressed extraordinarily, and a fortnight ago, when this brother of Dante won the Derby Trial Stakes in record time, sweeping past his opponents with effortless ease, it was seen that the whole Derby situation was changed overnight. Here was a proven stayer. Tudor Minstrel's stamina still remained to be proved, despite his brilliance over a mile. A third major contender entered the lists when Fred Darling sent the King's Blue Train on to a racecourse for the first time this year, and everyone could see that this sluggish, backward, but beautifully-proportioned colt by the 1939 Derby winner, Blue Peter, was not to be lightly dismissed. For Gordon Richards, who has yet to ride a Derby winner, there remained the problem of what to ride on Derby Day. With Tudor Minstrel and Blue Train both at his disposal, he was faced last week with a ticklish problem. At the moment, there are two French challengers still in the Derby, but the feeling is that they will not be in the reckoning

Below—**THE LAST DERBY BEFORE THE WAR: This was the scene at Epsom as Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter, sire of the King's Derby entry for 1947, swept past the post far ahead of his rivals and thus confirmed the brilliance he had revealed in the Two Thousand Guineas. Next week's Derby, run for the first time on a Saturday, may well produce a record crowd, and possibly a Royal victory**

THE GREAT GATEWAY OF TRINITY COLLEGE: Through this gateway, constructed in 1518-1535, the King and Queen will drive when they visit Cambridge on June 3 to attend the celebrations in connection with Trinity's 400th anniversary. This will be the first time a vehicle has driven through the gateway since Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, was elected Chancellor of Cambridge. A figure of Henry VIII, the founder of Trinity, stands in the niche above the gateway. Through the archway can be seen part of the Great Court

THE 400th ANNIVERSARY of TRINITY

The King and Queen to Visit a Famous Cambridge College

Trinity, largest of the Cambridge colleges, has a name honoured in University history and, in this its 400th anniversary year, it is being visited by King George VI., who, with his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, was an undergraduate there after the First World War. In 1947 Trinity has more undergraduates than ever, many of them grown men who, having served five and six years in the Forces, have now gone to Cambridge to complete their studies.

Trinity was founded by Henry VIII in the year 1546 by the amalgamation of nine earlier foundations. Thomas Nevile, appointed Master by Queen Elizabeth in 1593, designed the Great Court and built the College much as it is to-day. The west side, which he left open, was later closed by the building of the celebrated library designed by Sir Christopher Wren. The list of famous Trinity men includes Francis Bacon, Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Byron, Bulwer-Lytton, Lord Tennyson and A. E. Housman. Six Prime Ministers are also included—Perceval, Grey, Melbourne, Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman and Baldwin.

THE GLORY OF THE BACKS: Here the Cam flows past Trinity, and in the background is the gateway of St. John's. The lawns are more conducive to relaxation than study, but, nevertheless, some undergraduates bring their books along, just in case

THE MASTER'S LODGE AT TRINITY: An interesting feature of the place is that since the time of the famous English judge, Sir Edward Coke, who was a Trinity man, all the King's judges on Assize in the Cambridge area have been housed in the Lodge. Coke himself stayed there in 1610 and 1612, commencing a tradition that remains to this day. In the picture the present Lord Chief Justice (Lord Goddard) is seen leaving the Lodge for a recent Assize

A TREASURE-HOUSE OF LEARNING: Trinity's celebrated library was designed by Sir Christopher Wren and erected in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. It contains over 150,000 volumes and many valuable MSS. and books, among them being John Milton's "Lycidas" and First Folios of Shakespeare

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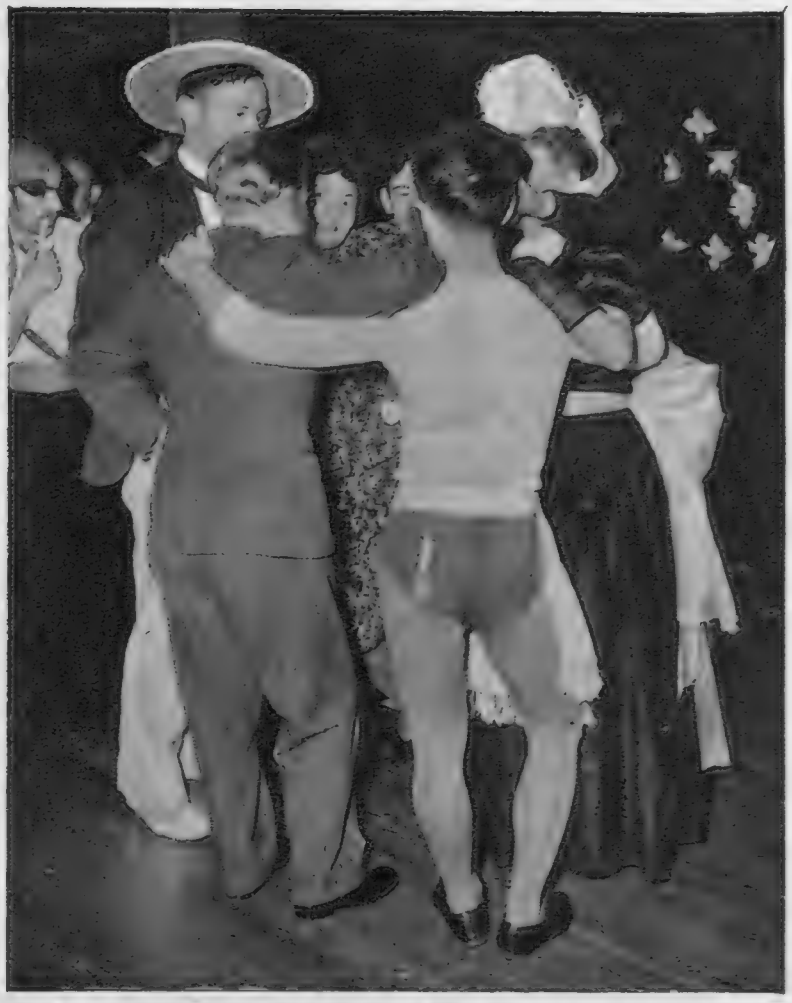
HAMPSTEAD GOES GAY: A Victorian group at the Hampstead Arts Ball held at Hampstead Town Hall. This was a "for artists by artists only" affair, and it had a mid-Victorian setting and a mid-Victorian theme. For the occasion the young Hampstead artists transformed the dance-hall with their own frescoes



THE MAN WITH THE MEDAL IN A PROMINENT POSITION CALLED HIS VICTORIAN SPORTS COSTUME "THE RETREAT FROM MONS": His was only one of many weird and wonderful disguises displayed at the Hampstead Arts Ball held at Hampstead Town Hall. Hampstead art students worked on the Town Hall decorations, led by Count Toni del Renzio, a young Surrealist painter, doing the whole work at a cost of less than £10

SHE WILL CRUISE AMONG THE WESTERN ISLES: As the "Loch Seaforth" enters the water a piper plays "The Road to the Isles." This twin-screw vessel was launched last week for David MacBrayne from Denny's Yard, Dumbarton

"FIERY LIZ" IS NOW A MUSEUM-PIECE: A veteran 7-h.p. Daimler, vintage 1897, seen passing through the streets of Bristol at the end of her last journey before being handed over to Bristol City Museum. Four hours earlier "Fiery Liz" set out from Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset, and quite a large crowd gathered to give her a send-off as she sped down the main street at 16 m.p.h. "Fiery Liz" has been presented to the museum by Mr. J. H. Pruen. She has solid rubber tyres and not even the luxurious upholstery of her interior appointments makes up for the banging and battering endured by the rear passengers. Note the primitive shoe braking system at the rear

IT HAPPENED OVERNIGHT: Right under the windows of some Camden Town flats four men working two winches moved this 70-ton railway bridge into position in the early hours of a May morning and, apart from a few bumps and bangs at 5 a.m., they did it almost in silence, according to one resident of the flats. During last winter the new bridge was built up on trestles beside the old bridge, and then on a selected morning, when the last train on the Broad Street-Watford-Richmond line had passed over the old bridge, 120 men began to remove the structure. At 3 a.m. on the following morning four men at the handles of two winches pulled the new bridge into position. Rolling on 200 steel ball-bearings in the trestle slots, the new bridge moved at the rate of one foot every two minutes. The railway track was re-laid immediately

THE LEGION OF A MILLION MEN

The British Legion is Still Growing, But Not as Rapidly as It Would if Ex-Servicemen Realised What It Can Do for Them

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE British Legion, the largest ex-Service body in the Empire, has just reached a most important milestone by enrolling its millionth member. Nor is there any doubt that this number would be doubled if more ex-Servicemen and ex-Servicewomen realised the practical advantages which membership confers.

After the First World War ex-Servicemen had no organisation to which they could turn. There was chaos, made worse by rival bodies springing up with conflicting aims. Some were for officers, some for other ranks, some wanted to go into politics, others did not. With the motto "Unity is Strength," Field-Marshal Lord Haig welded these different bodies together and the British Legion was born in 1921. It continues to be non-Party in theory. In actual practice it cannot help being "again" the Government, particularly this Government, which has refused to give any measure of preference in employment, or retention in employment, to ex-Servicemen and women in Government and Government-controlled factories, except for its obligations under the reinstatement in Civil Employment Act.

The purpose of this union of ex-Servicemen and women (there are 50,000 of the latter) is to improve conditions for their mutual welfare. The four main activities are employment, the improvement of pensions, rehabilitation, and the establishment of homes where the physically incapacitated and aged ex-Servicemen and women can be accommodated as permanent residents.

Since 1929 the Legion has found employment for over 500,000 of its members. Last year it found 16,000 jobs. Its council has made repeated representations on the subject of the vocational training schemes, and is doing its best to force the Government to fulfil quickly and completely all the pledges made with regard to training and finding civilian jobs. After World War I, disabled men were left to the charitably disposed employer who registered under the King's Roll. It is entirely due to the speedy work of the Legion that guaranteed reinstatement in jobs left by men who were called up operates to-day. It is the Legion's great aim at the moment to see that employers do not evade their liability by giving the disabled ex-Serviceman an inferior job as liftman, or porter, or caretaker to satisfy the quota. It was the Legion, too, which obtained a ruling that ex-Servicemen personnel who missed their opportunity of qualifying for the Civil Service should have a new chance under the extended age limit, which will mean secure and progressive jobs for thousands who might otherwise have been at a loose end. It was the Legion again which was responsible for working out the demobilisation scheme which has since proved so universally acceptable, and long before the war ended the planning department put forward vocational education and training schemes for the Government to consider.

In addition to finding employment with business firms up and down the country, the Legion directly employs quite a number of men. The British Legion poppy factory employs 325 men; others are employed at Warminster making utility furniture and chairs; others are employed in the manufacture of Welsh tweeds, travelling rugs and knitting wools at the Cambrian factory; while the British Legion National Car Attendants' Co., Ltd., staffs seventy-nine car-parks and 162 street parking places. You will see them at the Derby, at Ascot, at Wimbledon and at Henley; in the Lake District and at Yorkminster. It is strange, however, that such important centres such as Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Leicester and Coventry have not shown any desire to employ these ex-Servicemen for car-parking duties.

Sons of dead ex-Servicemen are trained in the *Stork* for entry into the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy.

Ex-Servicemen themselves can enter the training school near the Oval and become taxicab drivers when they have passed the very stringent police examination.

As long as the Government refuses to give actual preference to ex-Servicemen, so will the Legion fight for its members. As for pensions, the Legion has secured over 200 improvements in the pension scheme for disabled ex-Servicemen. During the past year the council has strongly represented to the responsible Government Department the views of the Legion on War Pensions policy and administration. Deputations have waited upon the Minister of Pensions, frequent discussions have taken place between the Minister and the council, representatives have served on the Central Advisory and the War Service Grants Committees, whilst the closest contact has been maintained by the Legion and Ministerial staffs. The cumulative result of these efforts has been the introduction of many valuable and far-reaching reforms, full details of which have been circulated and published from time to time.

The minimum pension payable for 100 per cent. disablement, which was formerly 40s. a week, is now 45s. a week. This has already benefited some 650,000 pensioners. War widows with children, or those incapable of self-support, have had their pension increased from 32s. 6d. to 35s. a week, whilst the rent supplementation, payable to widows with children whose rent and rates exceed 8s. a week, can now be granted up to a maximum of 15s. The raising of the maximum from 12s. has benefited, so far, some 1,850 widows. The maximum rate of pension to parents has been raised from 22s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. a week in the case of one parent, and 30s. to 40s. a week for two, whilst the method of determining need has been amended to the benefit of the claimant. Parents numbering 9,200 have been given increased awards as a direct result of these amendments. The practice of making deductions from allowances whilst pensioners are undergoing institutional treatment has at long last been abolished.

Another very important improvement was the acceptance by the Government of the Legion's claim that family allowances should be paid even though marriage may have taken place subsequent to the termination of war service. Disability pensioners of either world war can now qualify for an allowance in respect of their families, provided marriage took place within ten years of war service. This has meant the payment of family allowances to 178,000 disability pensioners, whilst 600 widows have qualified for additional children's allowances.

A further improvement which has given much satisfaction was the Government decision that if a pensioner dies as a result of war service, a pension may be granted to his widow and children irrespective of the date of marriage and the dates of birth of the children. This new provision applies to pensioners of either world war, provided death took place after September 3, 1939. Already nearly 1,000 widows have qualified for pension as a result of this fundamental change.

A special Hardship Allowance has been introduced for the benefit of certain badly disabled pensioners of the 1939-45 war. It provides for the payment of 11s. 3d. a week, or such smaller sum as would bring the pension up to the maximum rate, to those who are prevented from following their former occupations, or following, or being trained for, one of the equivalent standard. The importance of this amendment is its admission, in part, of the Legion's claim for economic supplementation of the flat-rate pension where the standard of living of a severely disabled person has been unduly lowered as a result of reduced earning capacity consequent upon war disablement. The council will continue to press for the extension of this principle on the lines of its declared policy in this matter.

The Legion has continued to render assistance in the preparation and submission of appeals to the Pensions Appeal Tribunals. Representatives have been in attendance at all courts throughout the country, and during the year 19,265 appeals have been represented, approximately 70 per cent. of all cases listed for hearing. Included in this figure, 4,777 were allowed, 9,505 disallowed and 4,803 adjourned. In 33·4 per cent. of the cases adverse decisions of the Ministry of Pensions have been reversed by the independent courts.

Special attention has been given to the welfare of semi-paralysed men, numbering about 500, few of whom will ever walk again, most requiring the life-long use of a wheeled chair. About 350 cases have already been contacted, of whom some 280 aspire to home life with their families; in most cases considerable structural and other alterations will be needed at their homes to provide ground-floor facilities and full use of wheeled chairs.

The Benevolent Department of the Legion also makes loans up to £50, and even more in exceptional cases, to ex-Servicemen. Assistance is given to several thousand orphaned children; surgical appliances and special medical treatment have also been given to several thousand members; while funeral expenses and dental treatment are also included in the daily routine of the Legion, which has 150 houses of its own for families of small means and is also a partner in the management of nearly 400 Haig homes.

The women's section has rest homes at Ilkley and Saxmundham. There is a children's home at Richmond; and the successful experiment of the Three Counties Hospital near Letchworth, which specialises in rheumatic diseases, so impressed the Minister of Health that it has been moved to Hampstead, where it is now financed entirely by the Government.

Many famous Generals and Admirals have testified to the fine work done by the Legion, but the most intelligent remark made about it is: "The best State scheme is like a sieve; the Legion stops the holes." If more ex-Servicemen looked on the Legion as their Trade Union, its power would be still further increased, and even more good work would be done.

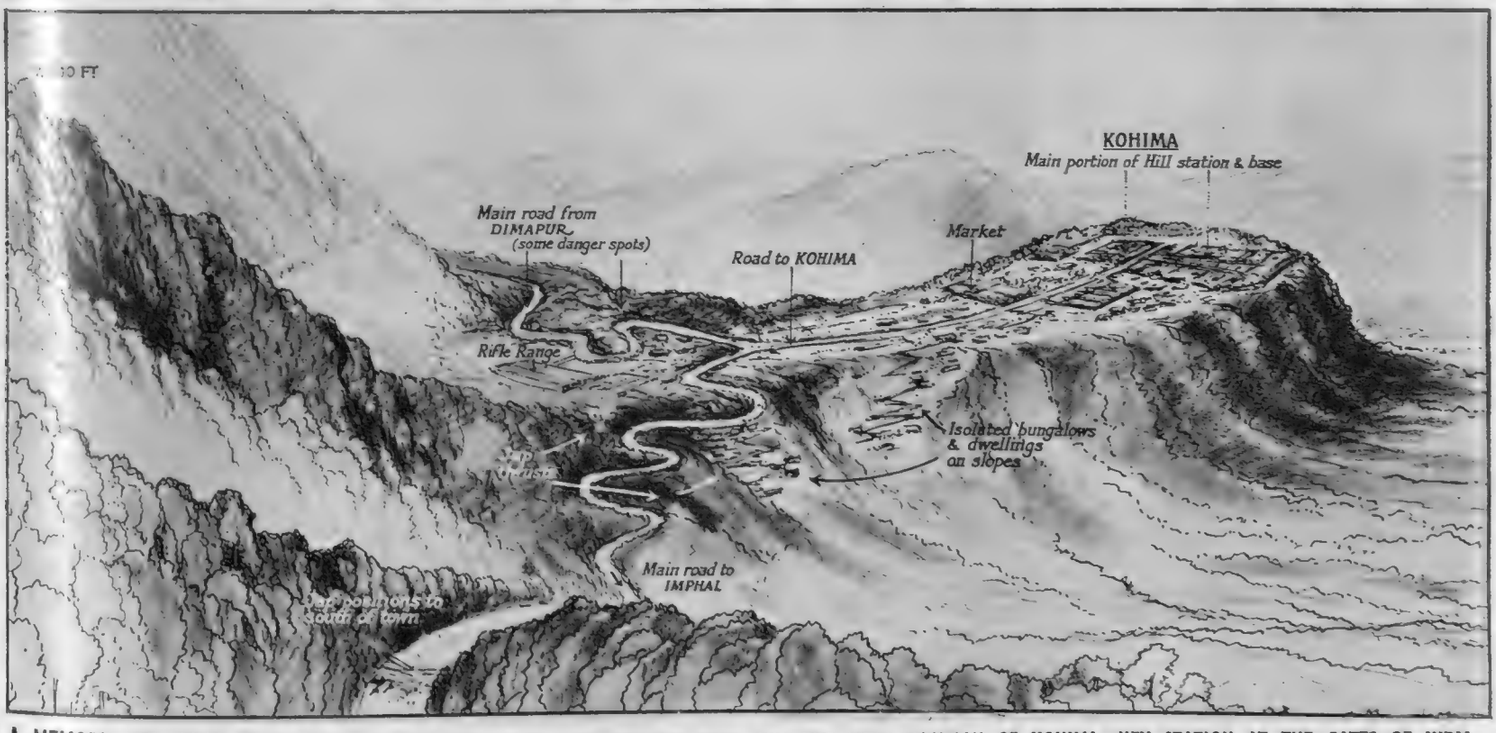
WHERE THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED IN THE FAR-EASTERN WAR—THE BATTLEFIELD ROUND THE NAGA VILLAGE, NEAR KOHIMA, KEY-POINT IN THE FIGHTING IN MANIPUR STATE: This decisive engagement was fought in August 1944, and after it the last remnants of the Japanese were driven out of India and across the frontier into Burma. Just as Stalingrad and Alamein marked the turn of the tide in Russia and North Africa, Kohima sounded the knell of Japanese hopes of spreading across India. On this spot it is proposed to erect a memorial, a drawing of which appears on the next page

THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO THE MISSING AT KOHIMA: This monument on graceful classic lines has been designed by Colin St. C. Oakes, and now appears in the architectural room of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. It is hoped that it will be erected on the famous battlefield at Kohima

THE KOHIMA MEMORIAL

A Mighty Monument to the Missing Men of Burma's 14th Army

THEY GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE DEFENCE OF INDIA—THE MILITARY CEMETERY AT KOHIMA: *Left* and *right*—Two views of the serried rows of crosses in this graveyard among the hills of North-Eastern India. This cemetery, which, when this picture was taken, had not been completed for handing over to the Imperial War Graves Commission, contains 1,058 graves. Near it will be the monument to the missing designed by Colin Oakes and illustrated above



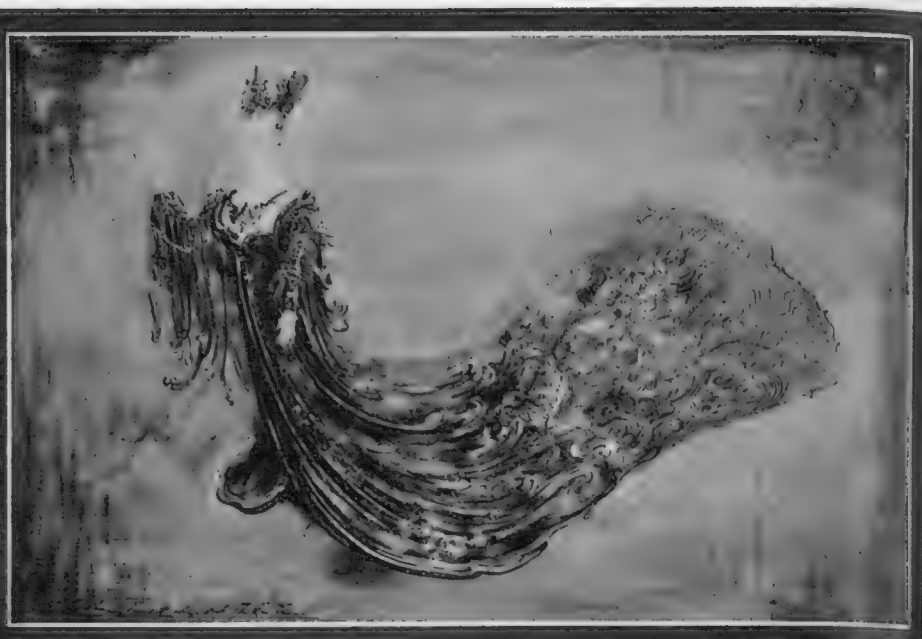
A MEMORY OF 1944—WHEN THE JAPANESE THREATENED THE DIMAPUR ROAD AND THE VITAL POSITION OF KOHIMA, KEY STATION AT THE GATES OF INDIA: In the spring of 1944 the Japanese approached the outskirts of the town, and it seemed then that they must break through and fan out in strength across the Indian plains. By August 1944, however, the vital battle had been fought, and, at the sacrifice of many lives, the Japanese were hurled back

The men who fought in Burma were known for a while as the "Forgotten Army." That seeming slight was removed long before the end of the Eastern war, as the world learnt to marvel at the achievements of the 14th Army in the last Burma campaign that led them back through Mandalay to the gates of Rangoon. Cemeteries have already been laid out in Burma to the memory of the many who died in the jungle warfare, and now Mr. Oakes has designed a fitting tribute to the host of the missing. Those who have visited the Academy have much admired his design, and there is no doubt that, if erected on the Kohima Bluff, it would stand out nobly amid the surrounding countryside

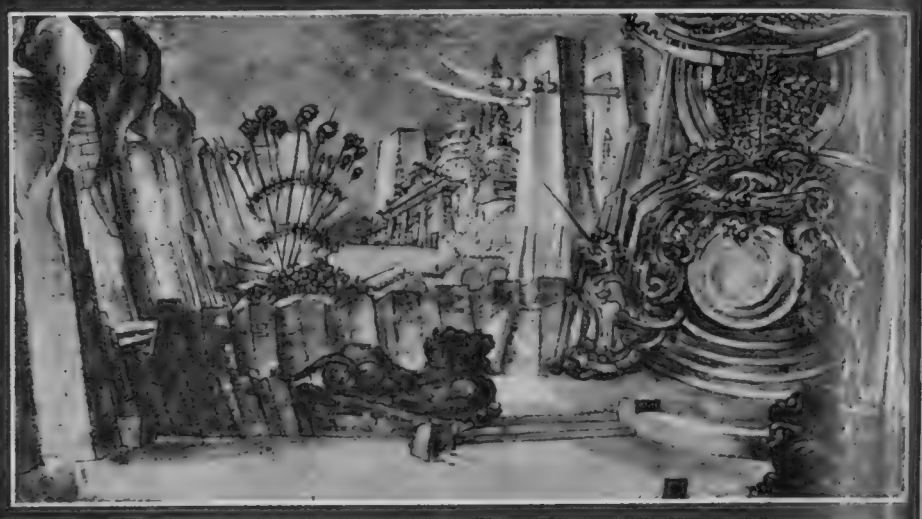
MUSIC:

Leslie Hurry's Designs for "Turandot"; Victor de Sabata at the Albert Hall; "Rigoletto" at the Cambridge Theatre; An Infant Prodigy in Milan

PRINCESS TURANDOT; ACT III, SCENE I: One of Leslie Hurry's costumes for Miss Eva Turner in the Covent Garden production of Puccini's opera "Turandot." Princess Turandot and Aida are two of Eva Turner's greatest roles. She had not appeared in *Turandot* since May 1939, and this was her first performance at Covent Garden this season. This remarkable English singer (who, some years ago, was recognised on the Continent as a great singer before she made her reputation in this country) has recently returned from a tour in Italy



PRINCESS TURANDOT; ACT II: Another of Leslie Hurry's remarkable costumes. The predominant colours in his decor are reds, yellows, greens, blues and blacks

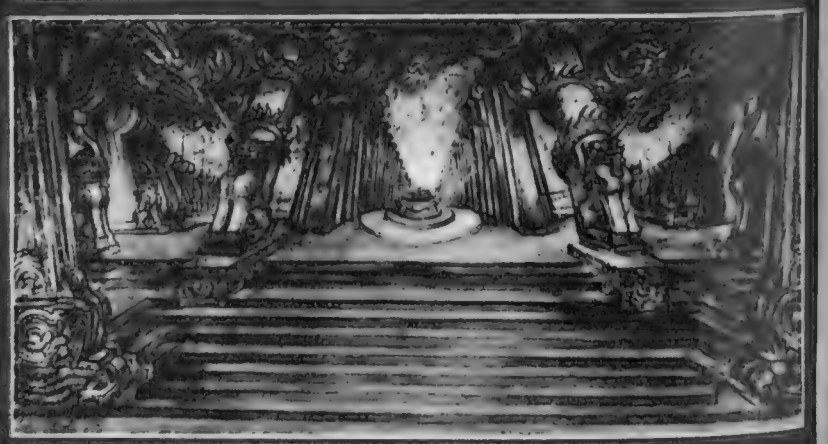


OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE IN PEKIN; ACT I: A striking new design with a distinctly Oriental atmosphere for the first act of "Turandot"

COSTUME DESIGN FOR LIU: A charming Oriental robe for Miss Vera Terry

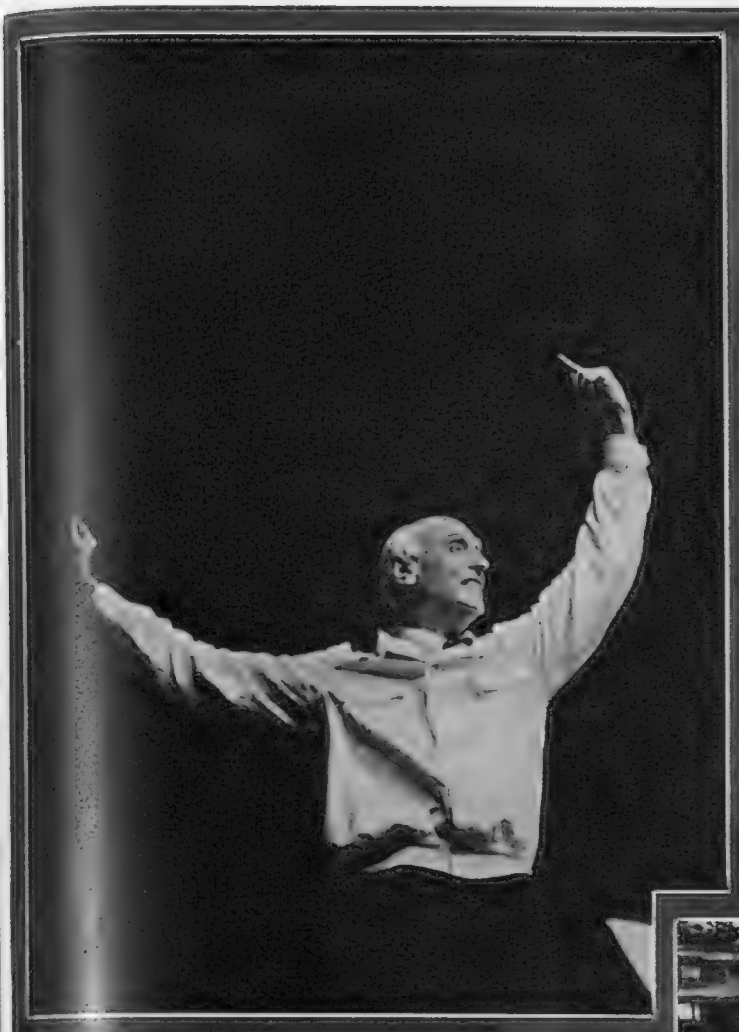
COSTUME DESIGN FOR PONG: Hubert Norville wears this costume

A PAVILION IN THE PALACE GARDEN; ACT II, SCENE I: This sumptuous pavilion was designed by Leslie Hurry for the first scene of Act II



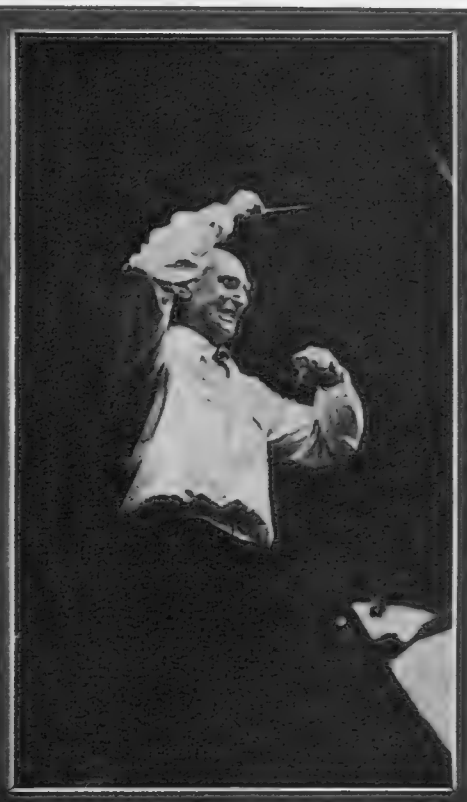
OUTSIDE THE PALACE; ACT II, SCENE II: A staircase of Oriental splendour

The latest production of *Turandot* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, is by Michael Benthall, whose recent legitimate stage production, *The White Devil*, has been a marked success. *Turandot* brings Eva Turner back to Covent Garden as Princess Turandot, a part which she has not played there since before the war. Vera Terry is Liu; Oscar Natzka, Timur; Walter Midgley, Calaf, and Ping, Pang and Pong are sung by Grahame Clifford, Edgar Evans and Hubert Norville. An outstanding feature of the production is the work of Leslie Hurry, who designed the costumes and scenery. Reproductions of some of his original sketches are to be seen on this page. Hurry has already made a considerable reputation for himself by his decor for the ballet—notably for Helpmann's *Hamlet* ballet and for the 1943 production of *Le Lac des Cygnes*. An exhibition of his work is to be held at Delbanco's next month



VICTOR DE SABATA CONDUCTING THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA AT THE ALBERT HALL : Three action studies of the famous conductor. Considered by some to be a successor to Toscanini, Victor de Sabata recently completed a series of all-Beethoven concerts, when he conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra, playing the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies in the last of the Beethoven cycle concerts. Each concert filled the Albert Hall to capacity and was received by enthusiastic audiences. Not long ago, de Sabata was seriously ill in Rome, and he had barely recovered when he flew to London for these concerts. Previously he was conducting at the Scala, Milan. His forceful and energetic style is well depicted in the photographs above

PIANISSIMO : Each delicately-poised finger expresses a subtlety in the music



FORTISSIMO : A forceful pose and expression combine to convey the motive

"RIGOLETTO" AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE : Antonio Salvarezza as Mantua ; Bruna Maclean as Maddalena, and Daria Bayan as Gilda. The New London Opera Company continues with its successful opera season and has now added Verdi's *Rigoletto* to the repertoire. Professor Carl Ebert was responsible for the expert direction. Marko Rothmuller played Rigoletto, and with Salvarezza's Mantua and Daria Bayan's Gilda, the three leading roles were most brilliantly sung

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD ITALIAN MUSICAL PRODIGY CONDUCTS A FULL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA : Ferruccio Burco on the concert platform. This remarkable young man has been conducting since he was four years old. He is a personal friend of Toscanini, who calls him "my little colleague." This picture was taken at the Lirico Theatre in Milan, when he was conducting the Italian Radio Symphony Orchestra. His repertoire includes works by Beethoven, Wagner, Rossini, Cimarosa and Verdi. He is soon to leave Italy and make a tour of European capitals and America

FERRUCCIO BURCO CONDUCTING A SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF SEVENTY INSTRUMENTALISTS : The youthful maestro of the Italian radio was performing in Milan when this picture was taken

New Lamps and Old

WHERE SHALL WE LIVE?

Some Thoughts on Housing and Home-making

By JOHN GORE

WHERE SHALL WE LIVE?—Anywhere but in England, one might reasonably, if petulantly, declare, having regard to our lost liberties and our recent weather records. Well, not perhaps "*anywhere.*"

I would not choose India or Russia or the Balkans or Indo-China or Palestine; nor a few other hot-beds of hot-heads. But England compares grimly enough beside the England of youthful memories and beside half the globe to-day.

But in this article I shall accept the premise that we will not "scuttle" but will stick it out and fight for better times and a return of some kind of freedom and sufficiency in Britain.

We will narrow the field still further. We will rule out the obvious attractions of Scotland, the claims of Wales and of Northern Ireland. Where shall we live in England?

A few years ago I had one or two assured and unalterable conditions which bitter experience had taught me to insist on. Wherever it might be, my house should be served by mains electricity and water. No more private plants for generating light and securing water! I thought *that* opinion was permanent; I thought so only the other day. But now, I am not so sure? At least you can *use* such electricity as you generate for yourself. Here is (or was) another unalterable condition. My home must be within a mile of a village or town with adequate shops and at least one cinema, and a bus must pass at frequent intervals within 300 yards of my back door. Otherwise no servant would ever live for a month in my house.

Is *this* condition still unalterable? I am in doubt. A few years ago I lived for a time in a reasonably rural setting within half-a-mile of an adequate village. Six months ago that house was still rural. To-day it is the centre-piece of a tin town of "prefabs," overlooked and hemmed in, as Grosvenor Square Garden is overlooked and hemmed in. If you choose to live within a mile of any large village, you may wake up one morning to find yourself the brick centre-piece of a metal metropolis.

Town or country? The winter of 1947 has greatly confused that once clear-cut issue. It is a question to-day of degrees of suffering, not of amenity.

Who froze, who starved, worse?—the town or country mouse? At least in the country there was wood to saw and burn, a few eggs and rabbits to fall back on, milk delivered with reasonable punctuality. On the other hand, the town mouse could creep out and exchange a word with his fellows on the pavement. The country mouse lived like Crusoe, lucky if he possessed a parrot, for weeks at a time.

On a hill with a view? I was sure of it a year ago. I am not so sure to-day. To be isolated from the world by impassable by-roads for weeks on end is a daunting risk to take. It is a real insurance to live on a main road in severe winter, with no gradients to create glacier streams.

But in summer? Dust and noise and paper cartons and peering eyes and catcalls from private joy-riders in buses, and the certainty of being cut in two by a racing car as you manœuvre your own car through your gates.

"Strategic Considerations."—And then there are the new considerations of the Atomic Age. I attach little importance to them for myself and my generation; because I cannot see much point in seeking to preserve one's own life through the atom war in order to survive to live the life of a primitive savage and thrall when it is over. But perhaps one's duty is to safeguard our posterity even for the cave-man era.

Therefore, a cave is to be recommended, or at least considered. I don't think Wookey Hole is now available, and the Cheddar Caves are above my means. I know of a fine dry cave in the heart of the Hog's Back, which is of the right size. But several others know of it also, and competition might well set its price soaring. And even if one got it, one would have all the old trouble of lighting it and watering it with private plants, and heating it with, I suppose, rationed kerosene. It would be a dreary existence before zero hour burst, and doubtfully safe when the atom bombs began to tumble.

A tiny island? In a river or close to the seashore? I know of a few. The band of water might enable one to preserve a little liberty and privacy. One might, for example, kill a rat without the Pests Officer hearing about it and taking the opportunity for a joy-ride to obtain statistics and to remove the tail. But the island project would instantly produce the servant problem in acute form. And to one proposition I am constant: while I retain the strength and wits to earn enough money to buy labour to wash up my dirty plates, I will do all in my power to escape that duty myself.

A houseboat? I am not addicted to life on Rudder Grange. It may be cheap, but it is nasty and damp and cribbed. Atomically, it is a little more dangerous than an island. One might scrape a hole in an island. Domestically, it has all the disadvantages of an island, and a few more; and I believe it is no longer privileged in the matter of rates.

It must be admitted that the site of one's future home is a very acute problem, and I do not seem to have progressed to a solution. And if one finally decides to live on the mainland and above ground and in a house, what sort of house?

Back to Methuselah.—Here again, I had formed before 1939 some clear ideas, born of the need for labour-saving.

One visualised the family growing up and marrying and going out into the world, to return perhaps with babies or for holidays; one visualised also being sometimes servantless and sometimes not. The solution seemed to be a house divisible easily into two parts, say two cottages built into one. As the nest emptied (or the servants gave notice), the parent birds would shut up (or down) one moiety, and live at ease with labour-saving devices in the other moiety. That looked good to me—in 1939.

But to-day? What would happen? The R.D.C. snooper would learn what was afoot from the local spy, and within a week the shut moiety would be occupied by a noisy and inquisitive couple of families who preferred our architecture to the distant prospect of a "prefab." And who, pray, can fairly blame them? In the past few thousand years the humble Englishman's home has been many things. A cave, a thing of boughs, a wattle and daub igloo, a wooden hut, a stone or brick cot, a room in some gaunt slum-barrack, a picturesque but unsanitary affair of thatch and roses trailing across hermetically-sealed window-slits, a metal box. During brief periods of time (as Clio measures time) his home, whatever its architecture and howsoever humble, was proudly regarded as his castle. Inside it, he was his own master. But we have changed all that. We have yielded up our castle keys and the State is the only Master now, as once the baron; a multiple dictator whose stewards and agents kept our noses to the grindstone. And under this benevolent dictatorship the Englishman and his home are going back to Methuselah. In our island story, we have known (as cave-men) freedom without security, (as villeins) a measure of security without freedom, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a fair measure of both. But it seems that the villein era was, and is, best suited to our character.

One last word, to disarm obvious and bitter criticism. For hundreds of thousands of years to come the problem is (and will be) not *where* shall we decide to live, or in what sort of house. It is, *When* shall we have a roof over our heads? The type of roof, the locality, the time, these matters will be settled by paternal authorities. Meanwhile, we lodge with our mother-in-law or maintain precarious lodgment in some Black Hole of Calcutta.

My article, I fear, is caviare to the general, and bitter stuff at that.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S LOVELIEST VILLAGES IS FOR SALE: The little main street of Castle Combe, which lies in Wiltshire between Chippenham and Bristol, and which, together with its manor house, is to be sold outright. The owner would like the property to pass into the hands of the National Trust, but there is apparently now little hope of this

THE OLD MARKET CROSS AND THE CHURCH AT CASTLE COMBE: A picturesque aspect of the Wiltshire village which is having to be sold in its entirety because of the burden of taxation. The owner is Mrs. K. R. Maurice, and her family has been associated with Castle Combe for very nearly 100 years. In that time everything has been done to preserve its beauty. There are no petrol pumps visible in the little main street, and even the telephone kiosk is stone-coloured. The church, with its extremely fine fifteenth-century tower, was built partly with the help of contributions from wealthy clothiers

TRAGI-COMEDY IN THE BULL-RING

The Bull that Wouldn't Fight; and the Toreador Who Couldn't

BUT ONE OF THEM WOULD NOT PLAY: The bull in the foreground refused to show fight when launched into the Madrid bull-ring. The pictures below show what happened when a dog was sent in in order to stir him up

THE DOG MAKES HIS CHALLENGE: Snarling and growling, he advances on the bull which would not show fight

THE DOG BEGINS TO BE TROUBLESOME: The bull, now thoroughly enraged, begins to reveal his fighting qualities

MOMENTARILY, THE DOG TAKES TO HIS HEELS: The hitherto docile bull now attacks his canine foe

THE BULL PREPARES TO TAKE REVENGE AS THE TOREADOR LIES AT HIS MERCY: Sometimes in the Madrid ring the bull gets the upper hand, and here he is pounding towards his prostrate opponent, the toreador, Gabriel Pericas, preparing to gore his prostrate body. Pericas had already been severely wounded by the maddened bull, which is seen with three banderillas, the hooked darts of the bull-fighter, dangling from his shoulders. How Pericas was saved from death is shown in the picture below

IN THE NICK OF TIME GABRIEL PERICAS IS RESCUED BY THE PICADORS: Rushing forward with their cloaks, the picadors diverted the bull as it was about to gore the toreador for the second time, and the wounded man, his left arm dripping blood, is seen as he raised himself from the ground before making good his escape from the ring. The bull, one of the young animals recently brought to Madrid's Plaza Monumental, was later despatched. Bulls never appear in the ring a second time, the theory being that they may develop sufficient cunning to avoid the cloak and go for the bull-fighter

THE DOG WAS THE WINNER: *Left*—After driving the bull to a frenzy, the dog caught hold of its tail, providing a most undignified spectacle. Eventually the bull was despatched by the ring attendants, and it is seen (*on right*) with the dog standing over it

Bull-fighting, according to its devotees, has the attributes of a great art. The virtuosity and courage of the picador, the manner in which he pledges himself for better or worse, his heels firmly planted in the ground to await the charge, can evoke appreciative and sometimes hysterical applause comparable with that which may be heard at the ballet in other countries. Bull-fighting's other aspects remain, however, as sordid as ever, and the pictures on this page, with all their air of tragi-comedy, require neither comment nor verbal elaboration. It would seem that the Madrid bull-ring, in its off-moments, is taking on a knockabout aspect more in keeping with the sawdust ring of the circus

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

WHAT CHILDREN SHOULD TELL PARENTS

And Other Fascinating Advice from E. B. White and James Thurber; Bryan Morgan's Outstanding First Novel

ABOUT eighteen years ago I read what I still believe to be one of the funniest books in the world, text and drawings alike. It has now been re-published, at a timely moment, when there seems little enough to laugh at and we can very well do with the wit of Mr. E. B. White and Mr. James Thurber. The only change that I see after the interval of years is in the sub-title of the classic, which I remembered as "What Do We Learn from Animals?" But perhaps I'm mistaken, and certainly IS SEX NECESSARY? (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is in itself an inimitable title.

The authors of this work examine the main premise coolly yet profoundly. "Two factors have been greatly over-emphasised," they write. "One is aviation, the other is sex." And they continue that the whole order of things has changed. "To prepare for marriage, young girls no longer assembled a hope chest—they read books on abnormal psychology. If they finally did marry, they found themselves with a large number of sex books on hand, but almost no pretty underwear. Most of them, luckily, never married at all—just continued to read."

The authors therefore set out to prepare a sex book of a different kind, and in this, be it said, they have spectacularly succeeded. Their first move was to surround themselves with congenial people of all sorts, mostly girls, and a lot of dogs, mostly Scotch terriers, and the great work had begun. My own favourite chapters remain the ones on "What Children Should Tell Parents" and "The Lilies-and-Bluebird Delusion," but you are bound to make your own choice, and you are absolutely bound to enjoy yourself immoderately in doing so.

The publishers state that VAIN CITADELS, by Bryan Morgan (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), "is a variation of the theme of crime and punishment." Over many years the shelves of the circulating libraries have groaned under the weight of such variations, published as "psychological" novels. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Mr. Bryan Morgan's particular version is better than the average, and certainly a very fine effort for a first novel.

It all happens because Paul Leger, a youngish schoolmaster, is being blackmailed by the husband of the girl he loves. So he murders him. But the story does not concern itself with the murder, but with the effect of the deed on the murderer himself, and on the people he meets in the course of his vain attempts to escape from the police.

His one desire is to live without fear "in pursuit of the quiet life he had never attained." While he is on the run, he finds himself embroiled with a schoolfellow he has not seen for years; a prosperous, aggressive Oxford don. He also meets a number of other characters, all of whom impinge upon his problem in their own personal ways. For some time he eludes the police, but eventually he is given away by a not-too-obvious piece of evidence, and we leave him in his cell reflecting upon his relations with the various people with whom he has been in contact while on the run.

I understand that this novel has been given an Atlantic Award for Literature, which is no small distinction for an unknown English writer. Certainly Mr. Bryan Morgan is a coming author, and one to watch.

It is probably quite true that the writings of Kafka are easier to read than the writings of those who try to explain Kafka. The man who wrote *The Castle* and *The Trial* will always have his devotees, and they will grow in numbers. As a novelist he had the most extraordinary gift which hesitated on the fine edge between the lucid and the metaphysical. The first quality was most evident on a first reading; the second when weeks or months had elapsed, and one was preparing, as always, for a measured re-reading.

FRANZ KAFKA (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is both a biography and an evaluation, by Mr. Max Brod, who was the writer's closest friend, and who still holds his original manuscripts. Mr. Brod's admiration of Kafka sometimes exceeds the ordinary measures, and comes close to adulation, but with all that, his is a valuable piece of work, for it gives one the background to the writer's life and reveals the fact, surprising to me, that Kafka was a friendly person, in his own sense, and an optimistic one.

A very large number of people will know Commander Thomas Woodrooffe, R.N., through his wartime weekly broadcasts to the Empire on the war at sea. Now that is all over, the author of *River of Golden Sand* returns to his last. IN GOOD COMPANY (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) is as delightful a book about those who go down to the sea in ships as any that has been written on that very English subject.

Let me make it clear at once that, although based on the author's wartime experiences, this book is not just a collection of re-hashed broadcasts, but personal history in which adventure out of the ordinary is very closely observed, delightfully understated, and enriched by some very human portraits not only of the author's shipmates, but also some of the khaki-clad and other kinds of super-cargo with whom he sailed.

The book opens with a very diverting chapter on Commander Woodrooffe's experiences as captain of an anti-submarine trawler with a crew of Yorkshire fishermen. On receiving his assignment as a "Naval Observer," he finds himself successively on a Lofoten raid; in a Malta convoy; on a Commando exercise to Bayonne, which fails to materialise; to Dieppe (which very much did materialise); through the North African landings (with, incidentally, a most moving and brilliant description of the action of the *Walney* and the *Hartland* at Oran); on an aircraft-carrier in the Mediterranean, and finally with the naval party which crossed Belgium and Germany to take over the port of Kiel.

This was the second time that the author had seen the German Naval ensign hauled down in complete surrender, for he was present at the surrender of the German Fleet in 1918. This is not a book about brass hats, for those who aspire to be brass hats, but something which the ordinary chap will appreciate and agree is jolly good reading.

STRAIGHT ON (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is a book that falls into no specific category, but which cannot be ignored. It is the account of a journey to Belsen, and the creation of a children's hospital there, and finally of the journeys "home" with the surviving children, who were taken to Holland, to Sweden and to Ireland. Dr. Robert Collis, who writes the book, is an Irish children's doctor, and Miss Han Hogerzeil, who collaborates with him, was once a law student in Holland and is now a member of the United Nations secretariat, specialising in refugee problems.

A great deal of the recital is almost too painful to read, but the writers have managed to retain a remarkable balance, and the book will make an impression on any who feel it their duty to understand more about war as the Germans waged it.

THOMAS MANN IN LONDON: The distinguished German author and philosopher, who fled from Nazism in 1938, and has since been Professor of Humanities at Princeton University, U.S.A., seen with his daughter Erika, wife of the poet W. H. Auden, at the Savoy Hotel, London. Dr. Mann, who is now seventy-one, has come to England to give a public lecture in the Senate House before the University of London. Thomas Mann won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929. Most of his major works have been translated into English

SUMNER WELLES SUMS UP

An Exposition of His Political Faith, and Other New Books Briefly Reviewed

Franklin Roosevelt, heir of the great liberal democratic tradition which Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Bryan and Wilson in turn gave to American politics, saw more clearly than any man the need for understanding between Soviet Russia and the British and American democracies. To that end his whole foreign policy was dedicated, and when he died the world lost a vital unifying force. Roosevelt, no apostle of Russian appeasement, recognised the virtues as well as the weaknesses of the Soviet's new social structure. Now we see before us that whole policy in reverse. The whole "frame of reference" of American foreign relations has undergone a startling change. The Truman doctrine, broadened in scope by General Marshall, is the latest alternative confronting Europe and the world. It is little wonder, then, that Sumner Welles, the man who, even more than Wallace, had Roosevelt's ear on matters of foreign policy, should to-day stand dismayed at America's new alignment in the international field, and that his latest book should be called WHERE ARE WE HEADING? (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.). Mr. Welles has written a very convincing testament of political faith, and, although much that he has to say is already out-dated, so swiftly have events moved since he wrote his concluding chapters, the main lines of his crystal-clear argument are vitally significant at this very moment. Many will heartily disagree with Mr. Welles in some of his judgments, notably his hostility towards Mr. Byrnes. Some may find him intransigent to a degree. Like Mr. Wallace, he evokes extremes of adulation and hostility, but no one will doubt his abiding sincerity or his devotion to the memory of Roosevelt, who, like Lincoln, died in the hour of triumph when democracy had greatest need of him.

The London theatre has of recent years found an able, erudite and cheerful historian in Maqueen Pope. The stage, he avers, neglects the memory of many of its giants. You will find a plaque, for instance, on the house of Edmund Kean in Clarges Street, but at Drury Lane, where he fought his battles and won his fame, you will search in vain for a fitting memorial. There are numerous instances of no less flagrant neglect, and Mr. Maqueen Pope will find many supporters in his plea for their recognition which he makes in his excellent little book, AN INDISCREET GUIDE TO THEATRELAND (Muse Arts, Ltd. 6s.). This is first-rate reading, with the author's enthusiasm for the theatre apparent in every line and with a wealth of anecdote to leaven hard but necessary facts. The author tells a particularly good tale about Quin, the bright particular star and now the principal ghost of Covent Garden. Quin had a ready wit, and it appears that once when Peg Woffington ran off the stage when she was playing "Wildair," her famous breeches part, she said to Quin: "I have played this part so often that half the town thinks I am a man." "And the other half knows you are not," countered Quin, having in mind the many amours of the famous actress.

Few travellers know the picturesque, almost savage beauty of the Creuse, that remote department of France with its mountain ranges divided by deep, narrow and tortuous valleys and with its uplands of rock and heather. To this rugged land, far from the beaten tourist track, went Mary Mian, an American girl, the daughter of a Congregational minister, and in MY COUNTRY IN LAW (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) she gives a superb and wholly self-effacing description of the first years of her life among her husband's people. The character sketches are finely drawn, and the author, with a surely magical touch, with a fine clarity of style, presents a vivid gallery of the men and women of her village in kitchen and hayfield, at carnival and christening, as they go about their accustomed ways. This is a story that supplements and in a measure surpasses the old-fashioned pictures of George Sand, who, in her own generation, also wrote about the people and the place.

THE ROAD TO PENICILLIN, by Margaret Goldsmith (Lindsay Drummond, Ltd. 10s. 6d.), traces the history of chemotherapy, the systematic treatment of disease by chemical agencies, and in the final chapters the author deals with the remarkable work of Professor Fleming and Professor Florey. The comparison between the groping methods of Paul Ehrlich, with the 606 hit-or-miss experiments that went to the discovery of Salvarsan, and the infinitely more exact modern methods makes instructive reading.

Walter de la Mare is essentially the children's poet, but his COLLECTED STORIES FOR CHILDREN (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) are no less fascinating. This volume contains seventeen short stories with illustrations by Irene Hawkins.

Three new novels from the house of Macdonald, and all priced at 8s. 6d., are: THE LADY FROM VENUS, by Garnett Radcliffe, a modern fantasy; THE SOLDIER AND THE LADIES, by May Edginton, a moving story of the problems besetting a family reunited after wartime dispersal; and GOWN AND SHROUD, by Kathleen Freeman, a cleverly-conceived mystery story with a background of University life.

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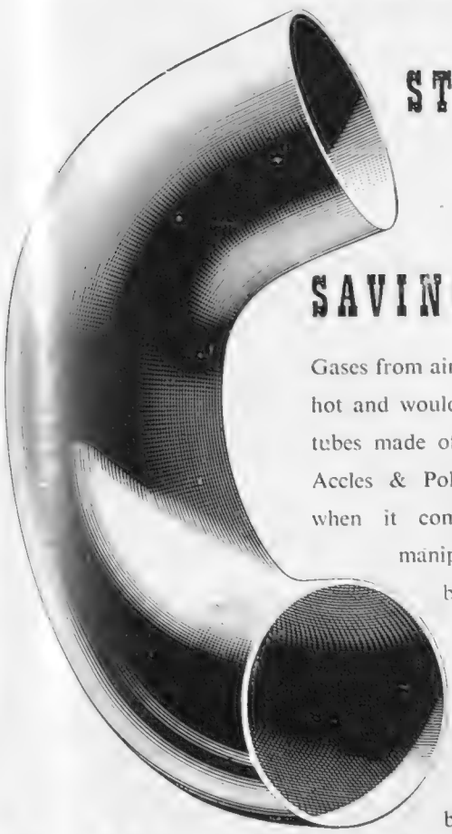

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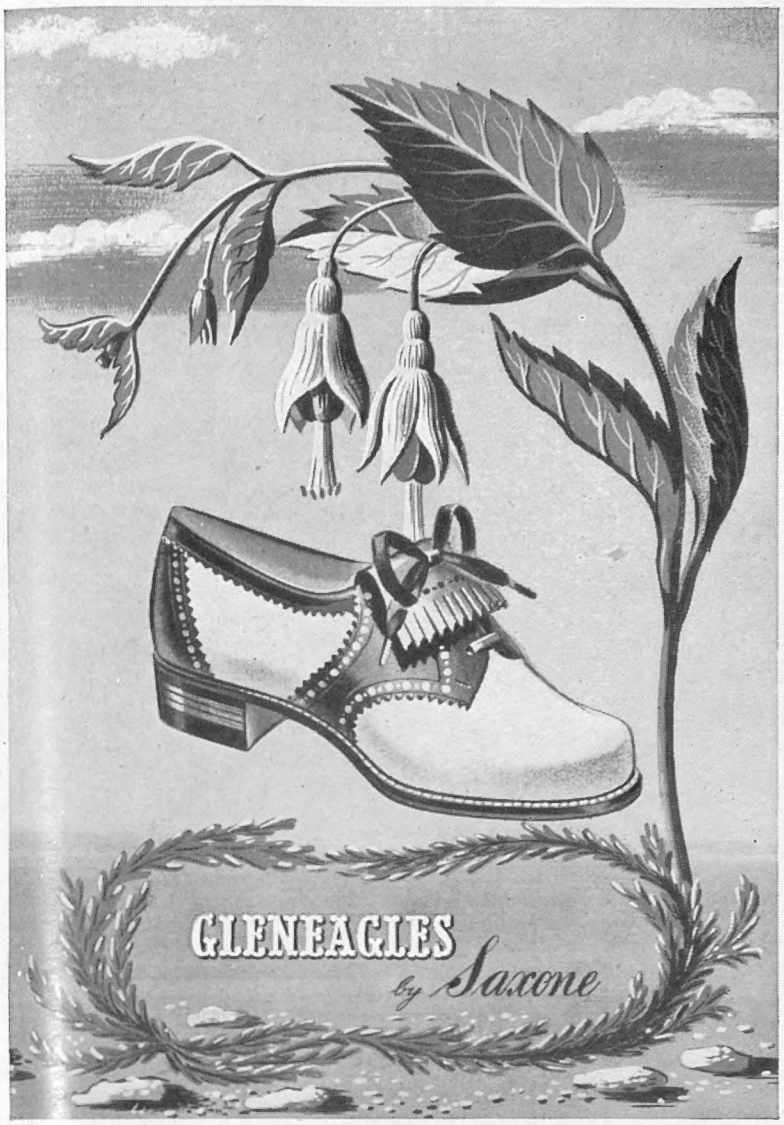

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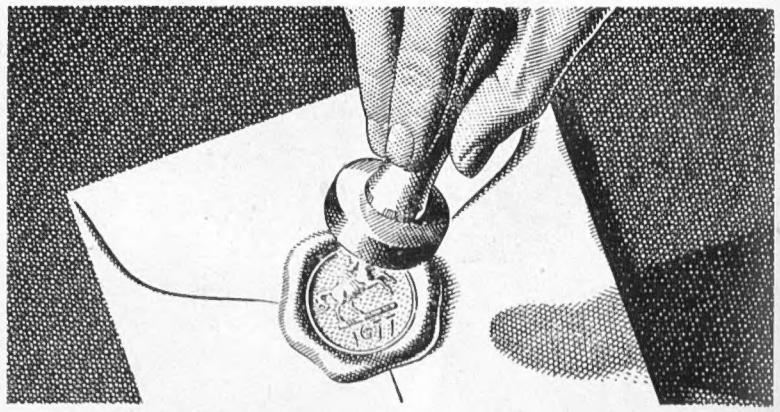

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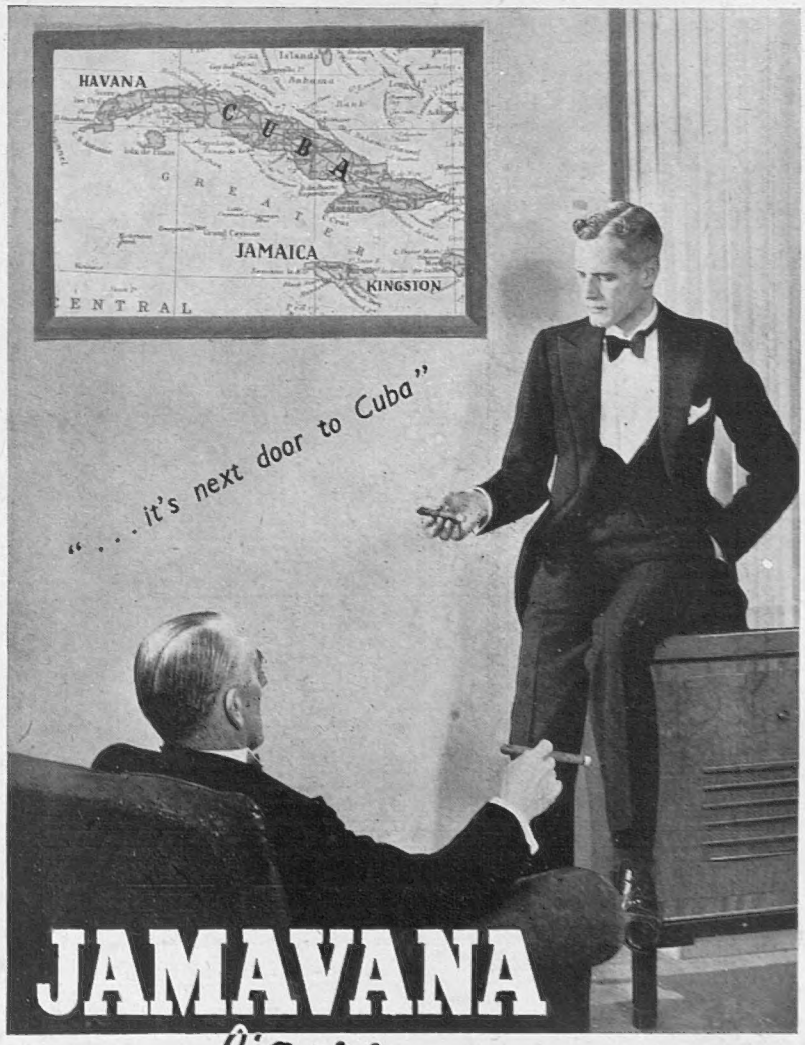

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